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REVIEWS

The Political, Commercial, and Financial Condition of the Anglo-Eastern Empire, in 1832: an Analysis of its Home and Foreign Governments, and a Practical Examination of the Doctrines of Free Trade and Colonization, with Reference to the Renewal or Modification of the Hon. East India Company's Charter. By the Author of 'The Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of England, and of the Continents of Europe and America, &c.' London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

THAT the East India Company are masters of the fairest portion of India—that they won this fine empire in a series of wars waged against their European enemies and the native princes—that they have maintained and extended their power by measures sometimes bold and sometimes gentle—sometimes fierce and sometimes merciful—and that they are kind and generous to their servants, and rank high amongst the merchant princes of the earth, we required no one to tell us. It has, however, been the pleasure of our author to recapitulate all this, and in a style which is little to our liking, and in a strain much too triumphant and overbearing. Although we dislike his style, and doubt many of his conclusions, we are not insensible to the value of his statements: in these there is a fullness, an accuracy, and a desire to make no reservation, which will win many readers to his volume, and do no small service to the nation, so far as regards the East India Company.

The author, having explained in what manner this empire has been acquired and kept, and delivered a dissertation on the character and condition of the native tribes of India, showing, that they are a people jealous in matters of civil policy, domestic manners, and religion, proceeds to give us an analysis of the Home Government of India, consisting of the Courts of Proprietors, Directors, and Board of Control. There are, in all, 3,579 Proprietors, and 6,000,000*l.* of stock. The holder of 500*l.* in stock is entitled to a seat in the Court of Proprietors, and has liberty to speak and give or withhold his assent regarding any measures proposed: the holder of 1,000*l.* stock has, in addition to these powers, a vote for a Director: the holder of 3,000*l.* two votes: the holder of 6,000*l.* three votes, and all who hold from 10,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* have four votes. To hinder corruption and prevent collusive transfers of stock, or purchases to create votes for the moment, no proprietor can vote unless he has held the amount of stock for twelve months. No proxy is permitted, and minors are incapable. There are 45 proprietors, with four votes each, 50 with three, 370 with two, 1502 with one, and 221 hold only 500*l.* each, and can debate, but not

vote for a director. There are, in all, 2,658 votes, and they are thus curiously divided: Members of Parliament, private gentlemen, bankers, merchants, &c. 1836 votes; married women, widows, and spinsters, 372 votes; officers in the King's and Company's service, 222 votes; bishops, rectors, and curates, 86 votes; officers of His Majesty's Navy, 28 votes; English, Irish, and Scotch Peers, 20 votes; and doctors and surgeons 19 votes. The Court of Directors is composed of 24 proprietors of India stock to the amount of not less than 2,000*l.* each: of these, in the year 1831, nine were retired civil or law officers of the company; 4 military officers of ditto; 5 maritime commanders of ditto; 4 private Indian merchants, and 8 London bankers. More than twenty of these had an extensive practical knowledge of Indian affairs, and seven were Members of Parliament. This Court enjoys full authority over all matters at home and abroad, relating to the political, financial, judicial, military, and commercial affairs of the Company, subject, however, to limitations by Acts of Parliament, and the superintendence of the Board of Control. The Court again is divided into 14 Committees, called as follows:—1. Secret Committee, 2. Correspondence ditto, 3. Treasury ditto, 4. Government troops and stores ditto, 5. Legal proceedings ditto, 6. Military ditto, 7. Accounts ditto, 8. Buying ditto, 9. Warehouses ditto, 10. India House ditto, 11. Shipping ditto, 12. Private Trade ditto, 13. Civil College ditto, 14. Military College ditto.

The Home Patronage of the Court of Directors is shared, in some degree, with the Government Board of Control; its annual value was calculated by the *Westminster Review*, at 600,000*l.*: that this is overrating the patronage of the Court prodigiously, there can be little doubt; indeed, without openly charging the directors with violating solemn oaths, and forgetting all the trusts reposed in them, no one can pretend to put a value on their power. Only one member has been charged with corruptly bestowing his patronage; and we, of our own knowledge, know that the Court of Directors, as well collectively as individually, have done acts of kindness and generosity, which might be examples even to Royal governments. The patronage of the Court consists of civil, military, and naval appointments for India; and, taking the average of the last five years, the amount will be, of writers, 40; of engineers and artillery officers, 67; of cavalry officers, 15; of infantry officers, 125; of assistant surgeons, 56; and of naval officers and others, 30. The Board of Control sent out to India during the last five years, 22 writers, 63 military cadets, and 16 assistant surgeons: of all presentations, the writerships are the most valuable, and the Board of Control seems to have had more than its proper

share. On examining the lists of writers who went from Haileybury College for the last five years, we perceive 3 sons of noblemen, 8 sons of baronets, 14 sons of clergymen, 8 sons of directors, 30 sons of the Company's civil servants, and 22 of the Company's military servants. When we consider that the directors have strong family claims; that numbers of meritorious officers have no fortunes and clever sons, and that many of the Company's servants in the east, have been cheered in their arduous duties, by the prospect of provision being made for their children—if their merits entitled them to it, we cannot see that the directors have been partial in their patronage. "Nay, many orphans and others, whose misfortunes and merits were their chief claim, have received," says our author, "appointments from donors, whose names they have never yet learned, and to whom they were perfect strangers."

Our Indian army is officered, and our Courts of Judicature maintained by a yearly supply of military cadets and writers, who are educated at the great seminaries of Haileybury and Addiscombe. Of the former of these establishments, our author informs us,

"The civil service of India, from which the executive, financial, judicial, and commercial departments are supplied, from the provincial magistracy to a seat at the Council Board (or sometimes to the governor-generalship), originates principally from the students of Haileybury College, an establishment founded by the East India Company for the better and surer supply of men qualified to fill the important duties which devolve on an English official, when transplanted to shores where the happiness or misery of millions depends upon his talent, his integrity, and moral firmness of character. The students at Haileybury, who must enter between the ages of sixteen and twenty, are classed in four successive terms of six months each; two entire days in every week are given to Oriental literature, and part of other days. There are four European departments; seven months in the year are devoted to lectures on various subjects; for instance, a student who remains two years at the college, receives in three terms from seventy to eighty hours of law tuition, and altogether ninety hours; he is instructed in elemental knowledge on the limits between morals and law, political and civil rights; in the English and Mahomedan criminal law, and on the law of evidence; the moral and legal obligations of government are also inculcated; the laws affecting property, promises and contracts, and the obligations arising from public and private relations, are carefully taught, as well as the classics, mathematics, and in fact every branch of education which can be requisite for a statesman on the most extensive field of action.

"The ablest masters in every language, European or Asiatic, are employed at the college: for Sanscrit as well as Greek, Persian as well as Latin, and Hindoostanee and Bengallee as well as French and Italian, are sedulously cultivated; the most learned professors of philo-

sophy are also in attendance, and every day, except Sunday, there are lectures."

Every student pays 100 guineas per annum, and costs the Company in addition, 117*l.*, before he is ready to sail for India. All who are acquainted with this seminary, know how useful it is in preparing the civil servants of the Company for the proper discharge of their duties in the East. The military seminary of Addiscombe is equally useful in educating officers:—

"This establishment, when full, consists of 150 cadets; who pay 65*l.* the first year, and 50*l.* the second, the extra 15*l.* being for the purpose of supplying them with uniform and accoutrements. The young men are selected from the most respectable families of the three kingdoms, in the same manner as the civil servants; it frequently happening that one brother embarks in the one service, and the other in its opposite. They are educated in strict military discipline, as well as in the oriental languages; are expected to be grounded in the classics, and be acquainted with at least one continental European modern language. The officers of the college consist of some of the oldest and most experienced of the Company's army, and the public examiner is Col. A. Dickson, of the Royal Artillery. This gentleman visits the college from time to time, to mark the progress of the cadets, and see when they are fit to be brought forward for an examination. There is no fixed period for their remaining at college, but if after two years any cadet does not evince talents which it is thought will further develop themselves in six months, his friends are recommended to withdraw him. The cadets get their appointments as soon as qualified; but by Act of Parliament they cannot proceed to India before they are sixteen years of age. Their appointments to different branches of the service are undeviatingly made in consequence of merit, and the examinations are conducted unconnected with the masters who have had the instruction of the cadets; if a lad is unable to stand the mathematical tests for the Artillery or Engineers, but evinces much general talent and diligence, then he is recommended for the Infantry. On leaving Addiscombe, the engineer cadets go to Chatham to finish their education in sapping and mining under Colonel Pasley. The grounds around Addiscombe are laid out with redoubts, guns, &c. for the purpose of practice; and the pains taken for the formation of good soldiers have been eminently the cause of success in the Indian artillery, &c."

We have ourselves witnessed the anxious labours of the various professors, and the patient firmness and gentlemanly mildness of Col. Houston; nor have we been uninterested in the studies of the cadets: it was no hasty review of their merits, which made the Duke of Wellington say, that the young engineers and artillery officers of Addiscombe, surpassed those of like standing in the royal army. The average expense of each cadet on this fine establishment, is 98*l.*, or nineteen pounds less than that of the writers at Hailbury.

The army, to which those young men furnish a regular supply of officers, is immense; the territory over which they have to be spread is large; and the frontier, reaching from Bombay on the left, to Bengal on the right, is extensive, and peopled, too, by many warlike nations. There are of engineers 1,062, of artillery 16,962, of cavalry 19,539, of infantry 169,617, and of invalids 10,496; making in all, 217,698 men, in the three

Presidencies. These are officered partly by the King and partly by the Company: there are 95 officers of engineers, 358 artillery officers, 463 cavalry officers, 3,276 infantry officers; on the staff 383, in the medical department 590; making in all, including the commissariat, and warrant officers of artillery, 5,531; of whom, 752 are in the King's service. Of native officers there are 525 in the cavalry, and 3,126 in the infantry—there are but 12 engineers; in all, however, there are 4,512, of whom 573 are medical men. The native troops in our service are Hindoos and Mahometans; they are mixed in every regiment, and in discipline, cleanliness, and sobriety, they are, says our author, unsurpassed by any other troops. The native artillerymen make it a point of honour to be cut down at their guns rather than desert them; wherever a British officer will lead, it has rarely or never been found that his sepoy will not follow.

In the chapter on free trade with India, the author discusses the matter of the Company's monopoly, and the propriety of opening the charter to all his Majesty's subjects. Were India like any other country under the sun—more particularly European countries—there could not be one moment's doubt in the matter; but our empire there is held by opinion rather than force—by refined policy rather than the terror of our horse and foot; and many well-informed persons are of opinion that an unrestrained intercourse would, while it increased individual wealth, sap national power. This let the wise in such matters discuss; the tables of import and export contained in this chapter, will supply them with the materials of speculation, and they will see for themselves whether our commercial intercourse with India has been improved since the partial opening of the trade. Of printed books there are less exported than formerly; and to this we may add, that the Hindoos have not become partial to European clothing, as was anticipated—the importation of woollens has been falling off, and the same may be said of many other articles.

The chapter on the Indian press gives us many curious details; there are thirty-three newspapers and other periodical works in Bengal alone, conducted by Englishmen; of these, five are daily political papers, six are daily commercial ditto, two are tri-weekly ditto, three duo-weekly ditto, eight weekly ditto, six monthly journals, two quarterly, and two annuals. No duty was imposed on these newspapers when the stamp law was enforced within the Presidency, and the postage upon them was reduced one half. A Calcutta newspaper is carried 1000 miles for three-pence; and when any one commences a new journal, the government sends the first number, free of postage, into any quarter of Hindostan the proprietor chooses. The scientific periodical of Captain Herbert goes free everywhere. Of native papers there are ten; some are in Persian, some in Bengalee, some in Hindoostanee, and one in broken English. Of the restrictions upon the press the author says:

"Those who complain so loudly of the Indian authorities on this score, should look at home and ask themselves what are the restrictions on the press in the free city of London? Numerous sureties, and penalty bonds of 500*l.* each,

before a single paper dare be printed; then a stamp duty of fourpence on each paper; after that a tax on the very paper itself; and after that again, three shillings and sixpence on each advertisement! Two years imprisonment for libel; and confinement in Horse-nonger Gaol on bread and water, with an addition of gruel to ward off the cholera, for presuming to sell an unstamped paper. In India no penalty bonds are required, no sureties, no stamps, no excised paper, no advertisement duty; yet England boasts of 'the glorious freedom of the press!' If the East India Company had pursued a similar course in India, there would have been a pretty hue and cry throughout the land. There is certainly a power vested in the governments of India of sending out of the country any person whose actions tend to disturb the peace of the country, whether by means of writing in a newspaper or by any other method."

On education, which is closely connected, for good or evil, with the press, the author says:

"It was stipulated at the last renewal of the charter, that 10,000*l.* should be annually devoted from the surplus territorial revenue of India to the purpose of education; by the following extract from a parliamentary return in 1832 (No. 7), it will be seen that the company have doubled, and in some years tripled the amount laid down in the Act, although there was no surplus revenue in India.

1824£21,884	1828£35,841
182566,563	182938,076
182627,412	183044,330
182745,313		

"As an instance of the efforts making for the diffusion of intelligence throughout the British dominions, I may quote the testimony before Parliament of the Hon. Holt Mackenzie, who states that since the renewal of the last charter, the Bengal Government have established a college at Calcutta for the Hindoos, and reformed very much the old Moslem College; that colleges have been established at Delhi and Agra, for both Hindoos and Moslems; the Hindoo college at Benares has been reformed; at the several institutions it has been the object of Government to extend the study of the English language, and good books have been supplied, &c.; that seminaries have been established in different parts of the country, and schools established by individuals have been aided by Government."

Our space will not allow us to pursue these inquiries farther. Though the author has written his work more in the spirit of a partisan than we like, we cannot quarrel with his arithmetic; nor, indeed, with many of his remarks. It will, we suspect, be found infinitely more difficult to make extensive changes in India than some of our friends imagine; that country is in a ticklish state; Russia, notwithstanding her distance, regards it as a more easy prey than she does the nations of Europe; fifteen millions of Mahomedans are ready to draw the sword and put their feet in the stirrup on slight pretences; the native soldiers, too, may well be doubled; nay, on several occasions, the European portion of the army has shown such spirit regarding changes as the wise should respect. We hope, however, that something will be done which, without hurting individual rights, or putting our dominions to hazard, may meet the wishes of all parties.

The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot; with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works. By John Dove. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is a mere compilation, clumsily overlaid with disjointed extract, and without any attempt at character. It has been got up with a blunt pair of scissors and madhesive paste. Still it is pleasant in its subject—very small and portable—and we recommend it to our readers. It does not seem to have been intended to throw light on history—and it succeeds in its non-intention—but to illumine Yorkshiremen. "The Biographical Memoir," says the compiler, "now submitted to the public, was intended to have commenced a series of lives, to be published under the title of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire': for which a prospectus was issued last March."

Now, that Andrew Marvell, who, in his lifetime, figured as a poet and a patriot, should come to be noticed at last, merely because he was a *Yorkshireman*, is certainly one of the curious chances which the lottery of life presents to us. Marvell has always ranked, indeed, as an eminent man, in the minds of those who studied our political history, or descended from such grave studies to waste an occasional hour amongst those pleasant idlers, the older poets. But these have not been many; and the probability is, that the fame of Marvell will be considerably extended by this publication. He will now be known as an "eminent Yorkshireman"! He will be discussed at Doncaster during the races; he will be heard of amidst the cakes at Pontefract;—even the assizes at York will not pass without due mention of his name; and the waters of Harrogate will grow sweeter as his verses are recited at that famous spring. Formerly, as we well remember, (for a curious sheet of devices was hung up, with the hams, in our uncle's kitchen, detailing the qualifications of the men of York,) manual dexterity and practical acuteness were the only heights to which a Yorkshireman's fancy ever soared. If he could bishop a horse, or play the sharp to an undoubted flat, it was enough. Henceforth, however, we shall have "emmy Yorkshire" ambitious of hailing amongst her proud names that of the patriot Marvell. It may have some effect even in the elections, whenever the balance of popularity shall be suspended between a Tory and a Whig;—and why not?—the influence of a great name (and Marvell's is an undoubted great one,) ought to survive, and does survive, from generation to generation. Its virtue is powerful as well as beautiful. It is not all "sound and fury signifying nothing"; but is, as it ought to be, a help, as well as a mark to aim at, for after-coming men, when they struggle for popular distinction, or tread their quiet and studious way to renown.

The pleasantest portion of the little volume before us, is that which contains 'Selections from Marvell's Poems,'—though the selector has no accurate notion of the poet's region of power. His verse, which is both artificial and natural, quaint and easy, and as full of sentiment as of wit, constitutes, as it were, a pleasant paradox, delightful to all lovers of poetry—a relief to them unutterable, when oppressed by the sublimity of the older

writers, or fatigued with the smartness of the moderns. How, with so much nature and imagination, Marvell could at times be so unnatural; or how, with so much of artifice and epigram in the construction of his verse, he could soar so high, remains to us a problem.

There is a fine flavour in the verses of Andrew Marvell: his stanzas on the "remote Bermoodas"—his lines about the Fawn—his address to his Coy Mistress—his satires on Holland—his 'Drop of Dew'—'Mower's Song,' &c.; and those rhymes where he speaks of

The discipline severe
Of Fairfax and the starry Vere!

are all most delightful. We are not aware that there is any poet closely resembling Andrew Marvell. Perhaps Waller mingles the two extremes of nature and artifice almost as completely as he; but, notwithstanding his greater reputation, we hold Marvell to be the greater poet, and, beyond all expression, the greater man. If this be so, is it not an unjust destiny that (with at least equal merit as a poet,) the high-minded thinker and pure patriot, should have earned a smaller name in literature than the commonplace man and the courtly turncoat?

Becket: an Historical Tragedy: and other Poems. London: Moxon.

A man may be an excellent poet, and yet unable to write dramatic poetry. Many qualifications are required for that species of composition which may be dispensed with in others. To imagination, must be added experience; that intuitive knowledge of the heart natural to all true poets, must have been confirmed by the actual knowledge of life; and the power over language must be every day increased by an enlargement of the faculties, out of which language is itself created. We speak not here of the greater intensity of thought and feeling necessary, when they are intended to inspire, not merely the poet's own heart with stronger passion, but to give unreal forms the likeness of the kingly crown of life. This is a question of degree, and refers to the natural constitution of the poet's mind. The qualifications of which we have spoken as peculiarly needful to the dramatic writer, must be superadded to those of his natural genius, however great and elevated. Nature forbids one faculty of the mind to perform that of another. To imagine well and rapidly, can never atone for a want of nice discrimination; and then, since knowledge, experience, profound judgment, and a minute acquaintance with the human world are necessary, those powers of mind which are necessary to their acquisition, must be kept in constant exercise. But it so happens, that the poetical temperament is, in itself, unfavourable to their development; and it is equally the case, that the two classes of endowments are rarely found together. Hence it is, that the appearance of dramatic genius is such an unfrequent occurrence, and that they who possess it, may fairly be regarded as the most perfectly constituted of human beings. In proportion to their excellency, all the powers of their minds, together with the whole system of their passions and sympathies, are beautifully balanced. With other poets, a plan of compensation seems discoverable. They almost appear to have received

imagination and deep feeling, in lieu of clear sense and judgment. The world, in its common-place book, has a well-known note on this subject; but nothing of the kind holds good with dramatic writers. Whatever should be found in human nature, in its best state, and matured by wisdom and extensive knowledge, must be found in them, or they fail in the very end and purpose of their office.

We have established our canon:—a right one, we believe, but not a severe one,—there being no severity, properly speaking, in truth. In bringing, however, an individual author to such a test, it is a question, whether he ought to be judged by his relative, or his actual approach to it. One of the chief circumstances which separate the literary men of ages like our own, from those of grander periods, is derived from the distinction here alluded to. The noble spirits of old were bent on being great, from the belief in that finest of philosophical themes, that greatness is a something, and not a mere quality of relation. In these days, a notion of this kind could scarcely be made intelligible to the world; and literary men partaking in the general error, it is very seldom a book presents sufficient signs of merit,—that is, of pure intellectual force,—to call for a consideration of more than its comparative worth. When the extreme difficulty of dramatic poetry is taken into account, examples of striking excellence in this class will be still more rarely looked for; and our sentence will generally be founded on the formulae—'this is better,' or 'this is even worse' than what we usually meet with.

The poems before us, have indisputably a right to the former award; and had we not formed high and stern notions respecting the species of composition on which the author has ventured, the morality of his sentiments, the occasional beauty of his diction, and the pathos which especially characterizes some of the minor pieces, would have tempted us into a stronger expression of approbation. Becket may well claim the attention of poetical readers. The interest it inspires is not an intense one, but it engages the mind, and fixes it without intermission on the subject. Boldness is not a characteristic of the author's style; but his cautious delineations leave distinct impressions respecting persons and events described: and though he has not exercised that power of magical concentration, after which the dramatist, whose moments should be ingots of thought, ought to strive, he has shown what a sedate mind by calm poetical reflection may effect. We shall now endeavour to illustrate what we have said; taking our first extract from the scene in which Becket and the King become reconciled:—

Becket. Often my heart melts for thee,
King Henry. Couldst thou persuade me that—
Oh, Becket! Becket!

We're not those days served—let thy heart reply,
If, as thy words import, it is not yet
Quite frozen by that breath of bad ambition
Which seeks to set apart and tyrannize
Men's souls—when we two lived as creatures born
Of the same mother, in the self same hour?
When we, laying aside our state, but not,
We trust, our dignity, and thou relying
On conscious-ness of worth and confidence
Of love, our sports, our meals, our studies—almost
Our inmost thoughts and hopes—we shared together?
Becket. With thee it rests—nor were the achievement hard—

Once more to make us to each other all
We've been, and to the troubled world
Give peace.
King H. What wouldst thou?
Becket. Utter but one word,

King H. Speak for us.
Becket. Say but, RETURN IN PEACE;
 For I am placable, and ask no more.—
 Respect in me the Church and her just rights.
King H. Body and soul have we been torn apart
 By this rank feud; the day that sees it healed
 Will we make holy in the calendar.
 —Be't, in God's name—we ask thee back to England.
 And, for thy lands and living, by my life
 No sordid reckoning shall mar atonement.
 Touching the offence of our son's coronation,—
 We know thou lovest him; nor canst thou forget
 'Twas our dear wish thou shouldst so: to which end
 We gave the training of his youth to thee.
 He loves thee too; and, for your mutual love,
 We freely pardon this rebellious league.
 Restored with honour to your Kentish towers,
 There shall the crown of England on his head
 Be once more set by your hand.

[*Becket attempts to kneel—the King raises him.*]

But, remember,
 We'll have our bishops and our lords absolved
 Ere thou depart, or ne'er see Canterbury.

Becket. It shall be done.

King H. Enough! enough!—Now let us,
 Forgetting, as if such things ne'er had been,
 The unkindnesses of intervening years,
 Renew on both sides the old confidence.

[*The King takes Becket by the hand, and leads him towards the Barons, &c.*]

But the most effective, perhaps, in the poem, is the scene between Queen Eleanor and De Barre, when the latter comes to inform her of the death of her son, on whom she had endeavoured to place the crown:—

Eleanor. No more of Becket; let him live or die.
 Let him overthrow the state, and in its ruins
 Perish!—I have no further interest
 In what men do or suffer upon earth;
 No further stake in England, if thy tale
 Be true, and he is dead indeed.

De Barre. His sickness—
Eleanor. Tell me not of disease. Was he not young,
 Vigorous, and beautiful? How should such die?
 I'll not believe

But some of you have murdered my bright boy.
De B. Madam, he died in his bed.
Eleanor. So many men have,
 That died no natural death. Improbable falsehood,
 And ill compacted!—Fevered by remorse!
 Remorse? for that, to avenge a mother's injuries,
 And challenge his own right, he dared oppose
 A tyrant in an honourable war?

De B. I've said the truth.
Eleanor. Tell me, old knight—remember,
 We are a Queen still, though a prisoner,
 And may find means to give thee golden thanks—
 Was it my husband that did poison him?

De B. Pardon me, lady, if I take my leave:
 I see this news hath been too much for you.
 —I did not think she had loved earthly thing
 So keenly as this frantic grief denotes.

[*Aside.*
Eleanor. Well, sir, I see that you are faithful still
 To one that's all unfaithfulness to me.
 'Twere fit I should believe. You have opened,
 By this sad tale, to my distracted soul,
 Shut from the world, an ample world—of grief.
 I might through weariness have dashed myself
 Against the walls of this dull prison-house,
 As the caged bird goes its own breast for freedom;
 But you have brought me argument to live,
 And thank these solitary dungeon glooms.
 That leave me at full leisure to be wretched,
 To waste myself in weeping for my child,
 And utter curses on mine enemies.

De B. Take comfort, madam.
Eleanor. Sir; and so I shall:
 Despair shall bring it me. I am resolved
 Back from the fearless and indignant queen,
 To all the weeping helplessness of woman.
 —You've done your thankless office, sir; and we
 Do thank you not. Leave us—with our affliction.

Among the minor poems, we may name the Bard's Apotheosis, and the Portrait, as pleasing us most: from the latter, we extract the following, as a specimen of the author's powers of description:—

That valley was a Paradise on earth.
 It was scooped, bay-like, deep into the hills,
 Which girded it about, save to the east,
 And there it met the sea; not with the frown
 Of rocks, as to repel an enemy,
 But with such gradual, wooing gentleness
 Of sunny-green descent as scarce could tire
 The level-gliding sea-maids, when they troop
 To bathe their ivory limbs in the smooth air.
 You might have worshipped Peace there, for the
 winds

The invisible tenants of the solitude—
 Came but in zephyrs, dropping playfully,
 To snatch a little odour; and the war—
 The everlasting war—of the loud sea

Against the land, which curbs, but cannot all
 Subdue its strength, here paused; they laid them down
 And slept together, beautifully twined.

I said, the round hills girt this valley in:
 Yet somewhere they gave way to a young stream,
 Which sportively, and with pure, musical foot,
 Danced down through roots and rocks; then sunk
 to rest.

Like a play-weared child. But, of his birth
 He made a deep and shadowy mystery,
 Covering the gushings of his infant strength
 With leaves and buds, branch-wood and blossomed
 flowers.

Without one penetrable point to foot
 Or eye. On either side his waters, stood—
 Downwards from where the current gentler grew—
 A row of ashes, ivy-twined and gray
 With lichen tufts; and up, and out, they shot
 Their many arms, fantastically far—
 So far, that they made dusk at noontide hour,
 Full half-way to the margin. And above,
 They circled, crescent-like, and gathered in,
 And fenced from all the world this fairy spot.

To the opinion we have already given of the writer's ability, we may add, that his good taste has prevented his falling into the errors which so frequently mar our cotemporary poetry, and which it requires the highest species of creative genius to render in any degree excusable.

Die Völkerfrühling und seine Verkünder:
The People's Spring-time, and its Herald.
 By Jordan Brand. Nurnberg.

FREEDOM! freedom! is the universal cry, from the Grampians to the Ouralian mountains; and all the guilty successes of the Russians will not be able to stifle it. Warsaw, indeed, has fallen—for a season; but it were to abandon all our best hopes of man and of his destinies, to doubt that it will again, and ere long, be the proud capital of a free people.

The little work before us is a glowing defence of free principles, and of some of their most ardent defenders in the author's native country—Germany. "La revolution fera le tour du monde," is a text on which he founds his firm belief, because he is of opinion that the French revolution contained the elements of an improved state of society, adapted to the enlightened races of modern Europe—whether they inhabit the frozen regions of Russia, the temperate clime of England, or the ardent soil of Italy. But our author's principal object is to make more widely known the great merits of three of his living countrymen—Heine, Börne, and Weitzel, who, although distinguished by very striking peculiarities of mental disposition, possess, in common, a most heart-burning detestation of tyranny and oppression in every shape, and whose long unnoticed, but persevering efforts, are at last beginning to bear fruit in the awakened and delighted attention of their own countrymen. For the most part, they do not go directly to work in their attacks on the citadel of corruption, but, with all the powers of wit, learning, and argument, while seeming to diverge, they still keep in view their grand object; and such is the mastery of the assailants, that the reader, from being delighted and amused, concludes by becoming an ardent disciple.

Börne and Heine are both young men, of the Jewish persuasion: Weitzel is advanced in years, and has long held the situation of head librarian at Wiesbaden. We shall translate our author's clever, but somewhat German summary of the style and manner of the trio.

"Heine, with the weapons of argument, as well as of contemptuous scorn, attacks indis-

criminate everything that has not in his eyes the weight and authority of reason. Börne respects the belief of all, and tolerates innocent prejudices. Weitzel rejects all ideas of uniformity in the purely intellectual world, and even consecrates prejudices, when they contribute to the happiness of mankind. He is even of opinion that, in matters of morality and religion, there are no errors, except such as make man more depraved and miserable. This is, indeed, a noble, but it is also a dangerous system of belief, in the present day, when the great and powerful are so ready to avail themselves of every error and prejudice of the lower classes, for the purpose of leading them blindfolded. Heine and Börne turn the present time to profit—Weitzel looks to the future. Like Rousseau, when Weitzel, with powerful hand, seizes his opponent, he thinks to crush him at a single blow, and indignantly throws him to a distance. Poisonous reptiles, however, are endowed with great tenacity of life, of which Börne and Heine are well convinced; and therefore, like Voltaire, they do not quit them until they have seen them reduced to their native dust. Weitzel is too early prodigal of his good seed; while his friends, on the contrary, are busy ploughing up and preparing the soil. They thin the forest, which would otherwise stifle its fairest and noblest productions.

Heine's style has a family resemblance to that of Börne. Börne agrees occasionally with Weitzel, in some points; but the style of the latter resembles neither of the former. Each bears his own peculiar character on his forehead, and his words correspond with his appearance. To humanity,—appealing with anguished countenance and supplicating look,—Heine appears only to reply by mockery and indifference; Börne conceals his excitement, which is, nevertheless, intense; Weitzel is not ashamed of appearing what he really is, deeply affected; nor can he always restrain a sudden burst of indignation. Heine casts his regard around; with penetrating eye searches the weaknesses and follies of man and of society, and applies his scalpel fearlessly and remorselessly to the festering sore. He is the man of the present age. The look of Börne is directed forwards to futurity: his eye is quick and piercing; and at his uplifted arm the servile crowds around the throne, and beneath it, tremble with fear. The third, with his sword pointed downwards, averts his gaze from the present scene, and turning to the far-distant past, sadly feeds the sympathies of his all-grasping heart, with images of shadowy antiquity. Börne calls to the field—Heine rushes into the fight with sword and dagger—Weitzel hurls his spear amid the conflict, but has lost all hope of victory. * * * When the first speaks, we listen to him with fear and astonishment; while the second is addressing us, we suspend our breath in anxious expectation; and the third makes us tremble. * * * Oh, that they would unitedly raise their voices for the deliverance of their father-land from the chains of moral and political debasement—from the dominion of night—and announce to the world the approach of the people's spring-time!"

This concluding aspiration of Mr. Brand will be cordially echoed by every one who wishes to see the native country of the printing-press enjoying its utmost blessings.

Journal of the Geographical Society of London. Vol. II. London: Murray.

We have read this Journal with a double pleasure—pleasure arising from the interest of the work itself, and a little allowable satisfaction at finding that our reports of the proceedings of the Society, and the papers read at its meetings, have been generally full and

+ See Athenæum, No. 222, and 223.

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accurate. We have now only a few extracts to make, and our first will be from a dispatch received from Lieut.-Governor Stirling, communicated by Lord Goderich, while the work was passing through the press, and which contains the

Latest Official Accounts from Swan River.

"2d April, 1832.—The only portion of Western Australia which has been any way examined or explored is inclosed in the accompanying map of reference, which will afford, at a view, a general idea of the routes and discoveries of the principal exploring parties. It will not be requisite for me to enter into the details of the reports which have been made to me on these matters; but I shall endeavour to give a general sketch of the information which we possess relative to the soils, the surface, the supply of water, the climate, and the indigenous products of the country.

"The coast from Gantheaume Bay on the west to Doubtful Island Bay on the south, including the several islets and rocks, present the remarkable calcareous substance which has been supposed to exist in no other place than on the shores of New Holland and on those of Sicily. Although it serves in general as a kind of edging to this part of the continent, it is occasionally interrupted by the protrusion of granite and trap; and it is in some places covered by sand. The open downs which it forms sometimes afford good sheep-keep, and it burns into very fine lime; but in general the soil upon it is of little value. Behind this sea range of hills, which are sometimes 800 feet in height, and two or three miles in breadth, there is a low sandy district which appears to have had a diluvial origin, as it exhibits occasionally pebbles and detached pieces of the older rocks, and varies from mere sand to red loam and clay. In some parts this sandy district presents considerable portions of very fine soil, and in no part is it absolutely sterile. The banks of the rivers, which flow through it, are of the richest description of soil, and although a large portion would not pay for cultivation at the present price of labour, it is not unfit for grazing. Out of this sandy plain there occasionally arise ranges and detached hills of primitive formation, the most extensive of which is the range which bounds the plain on the east or landward side, and extends from the south coast between Cape D'Entracasteau and Wilson's Inlet, northward to the 30th degree of latitude. The highest altitude attained by these primitive mountains is about 3500 feet, which is supposed to be the height of Roi Kyncriff, behind King George's Sound; but the average height may be stated at 1000 feet. To the eastward of the principal of these ranges is an interior country of a different formation from that on the coast, being of a red loamy character. It appears to have the lowest portion of its surface about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and discharges all its waters westwardly, or southwardly, through the range aforesaid. Some of these streams have a constant current, and would afford a supply of water in the driest months; and, in general, neither the interior nor the country near the coast can be said to be badly watered.

"Such is the imperfect sketch which I am able to afford of the general surface of the country. In the quality of its soils it is extremely variable; but there have been ascertained to exist, by Capt. Bannister, Mr. Dale, and many other explorers, extensive districts of land of the best kind. And having given that point every attention, being fully aware of the great importance of being well assured that there is a sufficiency of fertile land, I may now express my conviction, from the reports of others no less than by my own observations, that there is abundance, and indeed as large a proportion of it as usually exists in such extensive territories.

"The only products of the country of any value at present are its timber, which is inexhaustible and of excellent quality, and its grasses, which afford feed of superior quality for sheep, horses, and cattle. There is a good species of tobacco and perennial flax, similar to the kind usually cultivated in Europe; but these are as yet only valuable as indicative of the capabilities of the soil.

"For some time back registers of the weather have been kept at King George's Sound and at Perth; and hereafter it will be possible to ascertain with precision the ranges of the temperature, the barometrical pressure, and the degree of moisture in these districts, compared with other countries. At present, after three years' experience of the climate of the Swan River district, it may be said to be exceptionable only in the months of January, February, and March, when the heat and drought are as disagreeable as they can be without affecting health. The district of King George's Sound being exposed to southerly winds in summer, and frequently visited by showers, is the most equable, perhaps, in the world, and the most temperate. The heat on the west coast is certainly intense, and the mosquitoes, which abound there in summer, are serious evils in their way, and have caused some dislike to this part of country as a place of residence. But notwithstanding these and other local and trivial objections, the climate, the ports, the position, and extent of the country, are such as fit it to be the seat of a wealthy and populous possession of the crown; and I feel justified in saying in this stage of its occupation, that it will not fail to become such, from any natural disqualification of the soil."

Another interesting paper, from which we shall make an extract, is the account of Capt. Alexander's expedition up the Essequibo. Our original report was, indeed, very full, and contains some interesting information omitted in the *Journal of the Society*, as not being purely geographical:—

"My purpose was now to proceed up the noble Essequibo river towards the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and view the mighty forests of the interior, and the varied and beautiful tribes by which they are inhabited. Our residence on the island of Wakenaam had been truly a tropical one. During the night, the tree frogs, crickets, razor-grinders, reptiles, and insects of every kind, kept up a continued concert. At sunrise, when the flowers unfolded themselves, the humming birds, with the metallic lustre glittering on their wings, passed rapidly from blossom to blossom. The bright yellow and black mocking-birds flew from their pendant nests, accompanied by their neighbours, the wild bees, which construct their earthen hives on the same tree. The continued rains had driven the snakes from their holes, and on the path were seen the bush-master (*conacouchi*) unrivalled for its brilliant colours, and the deadly nature of its poison; and the labari equally poisonous, which erects its scales in a frightful manner when irritated. The rattlesnake was also to be met with, and harmless tree snakes of many species. Under the river's bank lay enormous caymen or alligators,—one lately killed measured twenty-two feet. Wild deer and the peccari hog were seen in the glades in the centre of the island; and the jaguar and cougar (the American leopard and lion) occasionally swam over from the main land.

"We sailed up the Essequibo for an hundred miles in a small schooner of thirty tons, and occasionally took to canoes or corials to visit the creeks. We then went up a part of the Mazaroony river, and saw also the unexplored Coloony: these three rivers join their waters about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Essequibo. In sailing or paddling up the

stream, the breadth is so great, and the wooded islands so numerous, that it appears as if we navigated a large lake. The Dutch in former times had cotton, indigo, and cocoa estates up the Essequibo, beyond their capital, Kykoveral, on an island at the forks or junction of the three rivers. Now, beyond the islands at the mouth of the Essequibo there are no estates, and the mighty forest has obliterated all traces of former cultivation. Solitude and silence are on either hand, not a vestige of the dwellings of the Hollanders being to be seen; and only occasionally in struggling through the entangled brushwood one stumbles over a marble tombstone brought from the shores of the Zuyderzee.

"At every turn of the river we discovered objects of great interest. The dense and nearly impenetrable forest itself occupied our chief attention; magnificent trees, altogether new to us, were anchored to the ground by bush-ropes, convolvuli, and parasitical plants of every variety. The flowers of these cause the woods to appear as if hung with garlands. Pre-eminent above the others was the towering and majestic Mora, its trunk spread out into buttresses; on its top would be seen the king of the vultures expanding his immense wings to dry after the dews of night. The very peculiar and romantic cry of the bell-bird, or campanero, would be heard at intervals; it is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods is like that of a convent-bell tolling.

"A crash of the reeds and brushwood on the river's bank would be followed by a tapir, the western elephant, coming down to drink and to roll himself in the mud; and the manati or river-cow would lift its black head and small piercing eye above the water to graze on the leaves of the corridor tree. They are shot from a stage fixed in the water, with branches of their favourite food hanging from it; one of twenty-two cwt. was killed not long ago. High up the river, where the alluvium of the estuary is changed for white sandstone, with occasionally black oxide of manganese, the fish are of delicious flavour; among others, the pacon, near the Falls or Rapids, which is flat, twenty inches long, and weighs four pounds; it feeds on the seed of the *arum arborescens*, in devouring which the Indians shoot it with their arrows: of similar genus are the cartuback, waboory, and amah.

"The most remarkable fish of these rivers are, the *peri* or *omah*, two feet long; its teeth and jaws are so strong, that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious. * * Also the genus *silurus*, the young of which swim in a shoal of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who, on the approach of danger, opens her mouth, and thus saves her progeny; with the *loricaria caliethyis*, or *assa*, which constructs a nest on the surface of pools from the blades of grass floating about, and in this deposits its spawn, which is hatched by the sun. In the dry season this remarkable fish has been dug out of the ground, for it burrows in the rains owing to the strength and power of the spine; in the gill-fin and body it is covered with strong plates, and far below the surface finds moisture to keep it alive. The electric eel is also an inhabitant of these waters, and has sometimes nearly proved fatal to the strongest swimmer. If sent to England in tubs, the wood and iron act as conductors, and keep the fish in a continued state of exhaustion, causing, eventually, death: an earthenware jar is the vessel in which to keep it in health."

The very valuable notes by Mr. Wilkinson, on a Part of the Eastern Desert of Upper Egypt, appear to have been read at the second meeting of the Society in November 1830, a few days before those arrangements were per-

fect, which have since enabled us to report the proceedings of the Society—we shall therefore make considerable extracts. Of the Porphyry Quarries at Gebel Dokhán, first visited by Mr. Burton in 1822, the account is exceedingly interesting. It was long unknown where the quarries were situated, and it was doubted whether Egypt produced this stone.

The Ancient Porphyry Quarries.

"At Gebel Dokhán, we had the satisfaction of seeing ruins of some extent; of viewing those vast quarries, from which Rome took so many superb pieces of porphyry to adorn her baths and porticos; of contemplating the labour and expense incurred in making so many fine roads, which cross the mountains in all directions; of walking in the streets and houses of the old inhabitants of an ancient town; and, above all, of finding a temple in the midst of a now deserted and uninhabitable valley.

"The chief difficulty in working these quarries was the want of water. It was removed by sinking two wells, one of which must have cost immense labour, being a shaft of about fifteen feet in diameter, sunk in a solid porphyry rock;—it is now impossible to judge of its depth, being much filled up with earth, but there is still some distance to the spring;—the actual depth of that part where it is solid rock is thirty-eight feet, and much more must be allowed for a good supply of water. It has a cistern attached to it, from which are led troughs for the cattle. The other well is more filled up, being altogether only twenty-two feet deep, with a diameter of fifteen feet;—that part which is still visible is cased with stone. It is placed on one side of a circular space, which was perhaps once covered in, by means of a roof supported on pillars, five of which still remain. On them are scratched boats and various figures, also a few Greek letters above a cross. This last is near the town which the Arabs call Bédet Kebeer, or the large village; the other is a ten minutes' walk distant, and in another valley.

"The town was situated on a small height, at the base of the eastern mountain, and contained many houses of various forms and dimensions. At the north end is a square, around which seem to have been shops, where they worked small porphyry mortars, judging from the number of unfinished ones we found in them. In another long apartment, are some round holes in the earth, cased with terra cotta, apparently for the purpose of washing some mineral, though I see no other marks of anything having been wrought here but porphyry. A house, perhaps that of the præfect, consists of an area, on each side of which are four pillars, which perhaps once supported a covering: beyond is a stuccoed cistern, and then a room, from which staircases lead to the upper story, at least to those rooms which are above, for the town is built on a declivity. The whole is surrounded by a wall, strengthened with towers placed according to the nature of the ground. I consider the whole as a military station, containing workshops, storehouses, and everything which the place might require. On the outside of the wall, to the south, is a separate building, either a furnace or a bath, more probably the latter.

"Besides this town there are houses built on either side, at the base of the mountain, or upon the adjacent low hills, which were perhaps habitations of workmen. A little farther up the valley, to the south, is a small temple dedicated to Sarapis;—it was never finished, though all the materials are on the spot; not a column was ever put up,—nothing was completed but the step on which they were to stand, and which was to form the base of the portico. The order is Ionic, the mouldings very simple, and the architecture superior to anything one could have

expected to find in these mountains. * * *

"A little farther up the valley, and on the opposite side, is a small ruin, consisting of a walled area, from which leads a flight of steps to a platform, uniting it to an adytum, which is nearly square,—a colonnade leading up the centre supported the roof, on each side of which was a raised bench; near it, in the bed of a torrent, was a round block, on the circumference of which are the remains of an inscription, recording a dedication to Isis (written *Εἰσεῖς*), by a military officer of the name of Phanius Severus, in the twenty-second year of the reign of Adrian. As that emperor reigned a month less than twenty-one years, he appears to have been dead at the time of the dedication, though the knowledge of his death had not yet reached this distant station.

"A great quantity of pottery is found in every direction among the ruins, particularly a blue and glazed species, probably used for domestic purposes. There is also much glass and fish-shells, the latter of which are probably the remains of one of the chief articles of food of the ancient inhabitants. They communicated with the sea by a high road leading from the S.E. side of these mountains, of which I shall afterwards have occasion to speak. The roads on the eastern side of the valley are not so wide, neither are the quarries so extensive as on the western mountain; the roads are not, however, unworthy of remark: constructed with the same attention, they fully answer the purpose for which they were intended, though the skill of the engineer was not so much called for.

"In the quarries there is nothing remarkable but the remains of a few furnaces for repairing and tempering the tools; for, it is evident, from the quantity of small clippings of porphyry, that the large blocks were chiselled, and, probably, nearly finished on the mountain. There were several small huts, and others, on the summit of the hill, for these seem to have been watch-towers, perhaps as look-outs, on the different heights: in one of these huts, a stone, which formed part of the wall, is inscribed with the name of Socrates.

"The western mountain presents more to interest the traveller. At the base of it is a small village, in which was worked the porphyry that was sent down by the superb road, which terminates here. The larger blocks were cut into sarcophagi, or baths, and tazze, in a court without the houses, which were themselves very small; many of the blocks are still in the position in which the workmen left them. The road which leads from this village up the mountain is fourteen paces broad: at the distance of about every twelve paces are piles of stones. Innumerable smaller roads diverge from it, in various directions, to the different quarries.

"On the principal road are buttresses, or solid piles of stone, raised at intervals, probably for lowering the larger blocks; and in some parts we observed inclined descents, paved with great care, which must have been for the same purpose. It is probable that the column, or other kind of wrought stone, was placed on a sledge (similar to that represented in the grottoes of Massara), which was gently lowered by means of cranes attached to the buttresses."

Of Myos Hormos, once the great entrepot of the eastern trade, whence more than a hundred vessels sailed annually to bring back the splendid fabrics, and the spicy woods of India, only the ruins remain—it has not a single inhabitant, and the accumulation of sand has rendered the bay so shallow, that no vessel could now ride in it, even at high tide:—

The Copper Mines of Réigatameréh.

"After a short day's journey of little more than 21 miles, we reached the low hills in which are

situated the copper-mines of Réigatameréh;—they have evidently been worked by the ancients, as well from the quantity of pottery and scoræ there, as from the remains of the miners' houses, and the regular manner in which the caverns have been cut, following up the veins. Our arrival was welcomed by a gazelle, which some of the Sheikhs had shot. Fortunately for us, we soon had reason to find the accounts given in a modern publication of the horrors of this desert not a little exaggerated. So far from its being for the most part destitute of every trace of animals and vegetation,—so far from its being the Avernus of the winged tribe, and a mere parched sand abandoned by all reptiles but the ant, we had the pleasure of seeing, every now and then, gazelles and taytals browsing under the shadow of the seyle, or brought in by the Arab chasseur;—vultures and kites soaring above us; and, at evening, were visited by a strolling party of scorpions, and a wandering snake. Mr. Granger, too, is wrong in stating that the partridge is only found in the neighbourhood of the convents of St. Antony and St. Paul; we always met with grouse and partridges in great abundance at the different watering-places, but particularly at Howashéa, and the others in the primitive mountains in the south. As to the ruins of Alabastron being still visible to the north of Mount Kalil, and nearly in the same parallel with Oxyrhynchus, this will appear evident to every one, who examines the relative positions of these places, to be impossible, though those ruins may exist somewhere or other in these mountains."

Excavations on the Hills near Wady Gifre.

"Near the ruins is a small knoll containing eighteen excavated chambers, besides, perhaps, many others, the entrances of which are no longer visible. We went into those where the doors were the least obstructed by the sand or decayed rock, and found them to be catacombs; they are well cut, and vary from about eighty to twenty-four feet, by five; their height may be from six to eight feet. They are rounded at the upper end, and in many of them, at nearly two feet and a half from the wall, is a partition of hewn stone, stretching across from one side to the other, but not now, if ever, of any height. Some of the chambers are double, communicating by a door. In the largest we found several very fine crystals of salt: the rock is calcareous, and contains a quantity of fossils. We sought in vain for inscriptions or hieroglyphics; our curiosity was only rewarded by finding the scattered fragments of vases, bitumen, charcoal, and cloth. It is evident that the bodies were burned, and the ashes, after the usual ceremony of bathing and wrapping them in these cloths, were probably deposited in the vases, of which innumerable broken remains are seen in every direction;—they are earthenware, mostly red, and heart-shaped, with a mouth of about three inches in diameter, terminating at the base in a point; the materials and workmanship are good.

"To what people shall we ascribe these ruins? The Egyptians did not burn their dead;—the other claimants are the Greeks and Romans; and of these the name Grady Rouémi, which the headland just below bears, inclines me in favour of the former, Rouémi or Rûmi signifying Greek. Grady is a plant which abounds on the flat shore below these hills, and nothing is more common among the Arabs than to name their valleys and mountains from plants growing in them."

With two brief extracts we shall conclude. The first is from a paper, entitled, 'Observations on the West Coast of Africa,' communicated by Capt. Belcher, and relates to

The Islet of Alcatraz.

"We now then recommence the survey with

fresh energy; and as there was much sounding to be performed, and some intricacy in the examination of the reefs, I determined to ascertain, on shore, the latitude and longitude of the islet of Alcatraz.

"The landing was not at all difficult, but the whole summit of the rock was covered with boobies (pelicanus sula). I directed the boat's crew to collect the eggs, which exceeded five hundred, and afforded a grateful treat to our salt-fed crew, being large, and not much inferior in quality to those of the plover. The second and third days we collected from one to two hundred; after which they declined laying more for our gratification. We had them cooked in various ways, but the most palatable was an omelet.

"The customary nuisance in islands where these birds reside, was experienced here in its fullest extent; and nothing but the feeling that, in pursuit of science, every consideration of comfort must be sacrificed to attain the object, induced me to endure the almost pestiferous odour to which I was subjected for forty-eight hours. But this annoyance was trifling compared with one still more odious—viz. a species of minute blue louse, common to pelicans and other water birds of this climate, approaching in character to the acarus, or tick, almost imperceptible, but which, inserting its head beneath the skin, added bodily irritation to the former evil.

"At night the clamour of myriads of these birds, taking up their positions *en masse*, on two-thirds of a space of sixty yards diameter, defies all description. Every moment a fresh party coming in from their cruise, made directly for our lights, and occasionally coming in contact with our hands, did not neglect to give us proof of the sharpness of their bills, independent of the great nuisance of frequently placing us in darkness at a most critical moment, and bedaubing the instruments, particularly the object glass of the transit telescope. However, I felt fully repaid for my miseries; and those who shared them with me were not disposed to view them as hardships; in fact, I believe the change and diet were viewed rather as a *pic nic*! Wishing to procure one or two of the finest birds for skinning (without killing some useless dozen), I sallied forth with one of the 'reading off' lamps, and examined 'the host.' After their clamour had nearly subsided (about midnight), I found them all awake, closely huddled together, forming a black crown to this otherwise white islet. None attempted to move, but, boobies as they were, foolishly stared at the light, and, without the slightest resistance or noise, suffered themselves to be handed out by the bill and examined."

The interest of the other extract, is nearer home. It relates to the subversion of a part of Hayling Island, near Portsmouth; and as this little retired spot is just now growing into a watering-place, the following particulars may be interesting to those who in summer idleness wander over the beautiful sands, and look, from its silent sea-shore, on the busy stirring life of one of the most magnificent marine views in the world:

"It appears," says Sir Thomas Phillip, "that in the second year of the reign of Richard II., a petition was presented by the inhabitants of Hayling Island, claiming exemption from a proportion of taxes levied on them, in consequence of the loss of a great part of their island by the encroachments of the sea. And an inquest being held to investigate the facts, it was reported, that in the fourteenth year of the preceding reign, the greater part was so destroyed, that the site of the parish church, which at first was in the centre of the island, became afterwards on the sea-shore, and was then two leagues out in the sea; the inhabitants, at the same time,

stating that three hundred acres of arable land had been thus lost in forty-three years, and that at every wave, a portion of soil was destroyed."

The various papers are illustrated with maps, and, on the whole, we know of no work which we ought more heartily to recommend to the public, or which deserves a more extensive circulation.

The String of Pearls. By G. P. R. James, Author of 'Richelieu,' 'Henry Masterton,' &c. London: Bentley.

We think it right to apprise our country readers that this work, so earnestly recommended to their pockets in the Booksellers' Gazette, is not yet published. The profitable uses to which circumstances have been turned, in the professed review of this work, are sufficiently curious to gratify our readers. At the anniversary of the Literary Fund in 1831, it was announced;—but to prevent the possibility of misrepresentation, we will quote the report from the *Gazette* itself:—

"Between 300*l.* and 400*l.* were subscribed on this occasion; including 75*l.*, the price of a MS. by Mr. James, the author of 'Richelieu,' &c. presented to the charity through Mr. Jerdan, and purchased by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley at that price."

This paragraph, it will be admitted, is a little involved, and not a little curious: there are so many names mentioned in connexion with the gift, that it is rather difficult to understand who was the giver: indeed, it appears that we, in common with most others, fell into an error by supposing that it was Mr. James; for, in their review last week, we are informed that

"The present work is particularly interesting, for it is the one which Messrs. Colburn & Bentley liberally (!) purchased in MS., and whose product Mr. James presented to the Literary Fund. Its future possessors will thus have the satisfaction of adding *charity to their gratification*!" and "will find it verify the excellent old saying—a good action is its own reward."

Here the reader will observe, that the *liberality* is carried off by Colburn & Bentley; and hence it appears, that Mr. James, like Mr. Jerdan, was but the dispenser of their bounty;—a mere channel of distribution; and this must be the fact,—for how otherwise can the Literary Fund, which, it is truly said, "comforts the sick and the unfortunate," and which forms such a prominent and pathetic subject at the close of the review, benefit by the sale of the work? how otherwise can the purchasers add "*charity to their gratification*?" It is quite clear, that had Mr. James sold the MS. for 75*l.*, and given the produce to the Fund, he, and not the publishers, would have been commended for *liberality*; but then every shilling of profit would go into the pockets of the publishers. Still we do not venture to pronounce a dogmatic opinion on the subject—there are difficulties every way; and we must leave it to some one of the half-dozen parties named in connexion with the gift, to explain the circumstances. That Mr. James has been mixed up with the transaction, we sincerely regret: we shall be, indeed, greatly mistaken, if, ambitious as he is of honest fame, he does not feel deeply the stigma cast upon him by this preliminary puffing, and the eleemosynary appeal in favour of his work.

Lyric Leaves. By Cornelius Webbe. London: Griffiths.

Cornelius Webbe is, we believe, a printer as well as a poet; and, we have heard, that, in the former line he was scarcely so successful as he deserved: of his fortune in verse he has equal reason to complain: many only know him through certain lines which formed mottoes to certain bitter articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Of Mr. Webbe, however, we do not think quite so meanly as the critics of the north: in this modest little volume there are many sweet and natural verses: in the poem entitled 'Summer,' other passages may be found equal to the following:—

Now the Summer's face is brown,
Let us shun the sultry town
For the haunts of shade and dew,
And the skies of smokeless blue;
For the green and breezy hills,
And the ever running rills,
Where their silent way they take
By the foot of flowery brake,
By the poet's nooks and bowers,
Where the birds, and bees, and flowers
Sing, and love, and live the hours,
Nothing thoughtful of the morrow,
Knowing neither pain nor sorrow,
But, content with what is given,
Live, and do the will of Heaven.

We who are of Nature's making,
And have souls that should aspire,
Shall we not, from slumber awaking,
Lift the voice and sound the lyre?
Nature, shall she work alone,
And be seen of brutes, or none?
Shall her flowers bloom and die
Undelighting human eye?
Shall her music, ever-quickening,
On the senseless air expiring,
Be, like tuning of the spheres,
Only heard of heavenly ears?
Shall her youth and age of greenness,
And her comeliness and cleanness,
Serious glee and holy gladness,
That are ever without sadness,
Be, like beauty to the blind,
Unheeded but of the mind?
Shall her seasons come and go
Like an unattractive show?
Never!—there are some are wiser;
There are poets still who prize her;
And immortal minds that yearn
Wisdom from her lips to learn!
There are eyes which still can read
Truth and worth in vilest weed,—
Form in things which to the eye
Half-read is but deformity,—
Grandeur in mean things and small,
And God's great handiwork in all!

Everywhere there are traces of truth and observation: there are better songs too than this—we take it because it is short.

The green leaves were searing,
For Summer was gone;
The corn of her rearing
Stood brown in the Sun;
The high lark was singing
To Silence and Noon;
The skies were all ringing
Aloud with his tune,—
When fondly I wander'd
By Wye's winding stream,
And pensively ponder'd
Love's passionate dream.

In the silence of Even
I linger'd there yet;—
The great light of Heaven
In glory had set;
One silvery star sparkling
Look'd down through the night,
And hush'd Earth lay darkling
Till the Moon shed her light;
A soft step then sounded,
A shade cross'd the shine,
Towards me it bounded,—
And Mary was mine!

Of sonnets, we have one for every month in the year, besides others addressed to the Seasons: among the former, that to May is the best:—

May, Summer's mother, sister of young Spring,
Now native parlours, woven of infant flowers,
Festoon thy halls; and some true maiden towers
Above her peers as queen where Love is king,
And, in the midst of lusty youths a ring,
Largesse of smiles and blushful praises showers;—

And virgins pure and fair as thy white hours,
(To passionate fretting of fast-fingered string,
And rural reeds that pastorally play,
And on the incensed air profusely pour
Sounds sweet as scents,) with shepherds, on the floor
Of primrose plots of green, dance fast away
All winter-harms, and stir their stagnant bloods
To the warm flush and hue of thy first red rose-buds.

We should have liked Mr. Webbe better had he a little more vigour and originality: nor would his volume have been less welcome had he refrained from addressing verses to the moon, and singing songs to the nightingale: he has done both, and oftener than once, but to neither has he said anything new or striking. He deals too in "storms" and "winds," and he scruples not to write about lightning as familiarly as Franklin. He is more at home in 'The Bee.'

History of the Greek Revolution. By T. Gordon, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

It is one of the worst consequences of despotism, that it works for its own permanence—that it demoralizes and brutalizes men until they are rendered incapable of enjoying rational freedom. On reading the unbroken narrative of the cowardice, treachery, venality, and barbarity, which have marked the career of the Greek insurgents, we feel almost impelled, in spite of the sympathies inspired by the recollections of Grecian glory, to wish that the perpetrators of such crimes had remained subject to their ancient task-masters. But such feelings are misdirected; centuries of misrule had effaced almost the image of humanity; the Greeks had all the vices of barbarians superadded to those of remembered civilization; and our indignation should be directed not so much against the vices themselves as their cause.

We have thought it necessary to say these few words, because Mr. Gordon's volumes are likely to chill any lurking sympathy that remains in the bosom of Philhellenes; and will probably afford point to many a bitter sarcasm, hurled by those who, from the first, deprecated the encouragement of the insurgents and ridiculed the enthusiasm of Greek committees. We must concede to such persons, that, in moral qualifications, the combatants were sunk to the same degraded level: the Greeks might have claimed pre-eminence in poltroonery, but for the greater cowardice of the Turks: the defenders of the crescent would have been unparalleled for ruthless ferocity, if the followers of the cross had not so strenuously laboured to become their rivals. With more regret we find ourselves obliged to abate the favour with which we regarded the Philhellenes themselves. Ridicule itself could not exaggerate the folly of haranguing a starving multitude on annual senates and vote by ballot; recommending the adoption of Bentham's codes as the best means of recruiting an army; and gravely proposing to wage war against the Porte by pamphlets and newspapers; and reprobation itself fails to supply language strong enough for censuring the management of the Greek loan.

A history, in which all the parts are well proportioned and judiciously connected, can scarcely be expected to supply extractable passages; but there are one or two graphic sketches, revealing modes of life completely new, which we must transfer to our columns.

The Greek method of conducting sieges

was a novelty, for which the European officers were not prepared:—

"The two parties, on all these points, carried on their operations according to a method as old as the siege of Troy. The Greeks, encamping on the strongest ground they could find, just out of cannon shot of the forts, pushed forward every day detachments of volunteers, who, stealing on, and sheltering themselves behind stones, engaged with the enemy an interchange of musket-balls, and opprobrious epithets, sometimes interrupted by a temporary truce, during which, soldiers of both nations might be seen sitting in groups, smoking and conversing on the chances of the war, their private affairs, and the health of their acquaintances: these truces were very seldom violated. The Turks frequently made sorties, not so much with a hope of driving back their opponents, as to breathe a freer air, and divert their ennui; on such occasions, the main body of the Greeks advanced to support their outposts, and actions ensued remarkable rather for noise and waste of powder, than for the loss sustained; until the Moslems, thinking they had taken sufficient exercise, and pressed by superior numbers, retired behind their ramparts. Such affairs generally occurred early in the morning, or just before sunset: during the noontide heat, besiegers and besieged slept and took their meals, and the nights were passed in so perfect a repose, that, had either chosen to be on the alert, they might have surprised the enemy. The Turks, however, like other Orientals, are averse to fighting in the dark, and the Greeks resigned themselves to slumber in as profound security as though no foe had been near."

As little were the sailors prepared for their mode of naval warfare, especially their incessant use of fire-ships. The gallant exploit by which Canaris partially avenged the massacre of Scio, will best explain the daring heroism of the Greek brulottiers:—

"We have now to narrate one of the most extraordinary military exploits recorded in history, and to introduce to the reader's notice, in the person of a young Psarriote sailor, the most brilliant pattern of heroism that Greece in any age has had to boast of; a heroism, too, springing from the purest motives, unalloyed by ambition or avarice. The Greeks were convinced, that if they did not by a decisive blow paralyze the Turkish fleet before its junction with that of Egypt, their islands must be exposed to imminent danger: it was proposed, therefore, in their naval council, to choose a dark night for sending in two brulots by the northern passage, while at each extremity of the strait two ships of war should cruise in order to pick up the brulottiers. Constantine Canaris of Psarra, (already distinguished by his conduct at Erisso,) and George Pepinis of Hydra, with thirty-two bold companions, volunteered their services; and having partaken of the holy sacrament, sailed on the 18th in two brigs, fitted up as fire-ships, and followed at some distance by an escort of two corvettes, a brig, and a schooner. They beat to windward in the direction of Tchesmé, under French and Austrian colours, and about sunset drew so nigh to the hostile men-of-war, that they were hailed, and ordered to keep off: they tacked accordingly, but at midnight bore up with a fresh breeze, and ran in amongst the fleet. The Psarriote brulot, commanded by Canaris, grappled the prow of the admiral's ship, anchored at the head of the line, a league from the shore, and instantly set her on fire; the Greeks then stepped into a large launch they had in tow, and passed under her poop, shouting, 'Victory to the Cross!' the ancient war-cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium. The Hydriotes fastened their brig to another line-of-battle ship, carrying the treasure and

the Reala Bey's flag, and communicated the flames to her, but not so effectually, having applied the match a moment too soon; they were then picked up by their comrades, and the thirty-four brulottiers sailed out of the channel through the midst of the enemy without a single wound; they had, however, in their bark a barrel of gunpowder, determined to blow themselves up rather than be taken. While they departed full of joy and exultation, the roads of Scio presented an appalling sight. The Capitan Pasha's ship, which in a few minutes became one sheet of fire, contained 2286 persons, including most of the captains of the fleet, and unfortunately also a great number of Christian slaves; not above 180 survived, for the guns going off deterred boats from approaching, and two of those belonging to the vessel foundered, from being overloaded with men endeavouring to save their lives. Although the Reala Bey's ship got clear of the Hydriote brulot, and the flames were extinguished on board of her, yet she was so seriously damaged as to be unfit for ulterior service; and the brulot, driving about the roadstead in a state of combustion, set fire to a third two-decker, which was likewise preserved through the exertions of its crew. Overwhelmed with despair, the Capitan Pasha was placed in a launch by his attendants, but just as he seated himself there, a mast falling, sunk the boat, and severely bruised him; nevertheless expert swimmers supported Kara Ali to the beach, only to draw his last breath on that spot where the Scioite hostages had suffered!"

As a parallel to this, we extract the rival exploit of Mark Bozzaris, which an American poet, Fitzgreene Hallech, has celebrated in an ode worthy of Greece's ancient bards:

"In a council of war held on the 20th, Mark Bozzaris pointed out the impossibility of keeping the foe in check by demonstrations, or of spinning out the campaign, because they were in want of provisions and ammunition, and he therefore insisted on the necessity of hazarding without delay a desperate attack; his generous proposition was approved, and the execution fixed for the following night. Their troops being divided into three columns, Bozzaris undertook to lead the centre; George Kizzos, the two Tzavellas (uncle and nephew), the captains of Karpenisi, and the Khiliarch Yakis, headed one wing; the other, formed of the soldiers of Agrafa and Souvalakos, was intrusted to the command of a Souliote named Fotos; the onset was to commence at five hours after sunset, and their watchword to be Stornari (or flint). Having waited a quarter of an hour beyond the appointed time, to allow the wings to come up, and perceiving no signs of them, Mark with 350 men entered Jeladin Bey's camp, and finding the Scodrians asleep, made a terrible slaughter of them. If all the Greeks had behaved like the Souliotes, the result would have been a complete victory. * * The Souliotes, using their swords, after the first discharge of fire-arms, drove the Mirdites from all their tambours except one within an enclosure, which Bozzaris assaulted in vain. Wounded by a shot in the loins, he concealed that accident, and continued to fight, until a ball struck him in the face; he fell, and instantly expired. The action lasted for an hour and a half longer, but their leader's death becoming known, and day beginning to dawn, the Souliotes retreated to their original position at Mikrokhor, carrying off with them their general's body."

We must make room for one passage from Hallech's ode:—

An hour pass'd on. The Turk awoke;

That bright dream was his last:

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,

"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the tempest cloud!
And heard with voice as thunder loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land!"

They fought, like heroes, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding in every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eye-lids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

After tragedy comes a farce; and the following may rival the most extravagant of Moncrieff's:—

"In the autumn of the same year, Count Metaxa, having failed in his mission to the Congress of Verona, listened to a scheme suggested to him at Ancona by Captain Jourdain, for striking up an alliance with that *magni nominis umbra*, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Count delegated his full powers to Jourdain, and the latter visiting Paris in March 1823, and making known his object, was, through the intervention of Monsieur Raoul, counsellor of the order, admitted to a conference with the commission of French knights residing in that capital. Two plenipotentiaries (the Marquis de Marcieu and the Marquis de la Porte) being appointed to negotiate with him, signed a treaty, July the 10th, which was ratified on the 18th by the Grand Prior of Auvergne, the Bailly de Lasterrie, the Chancellor, and three Commanders of the Order. In twenty-four articles, it stipulated the recognition of Greece, and the closest alliance and union between the high contracting parties, who formally guaranteed to each other the integrity of their respective territories, and agreed to share their conquests over the Infidels!"

We cannot finally dismiss these volumes without repeating our commendation of the diligent search after truth, discernible in every page, and bearing our testimony to the great ability of the narrative, and the sound common sense displayed by the writer in his few but very judicious reflections.

The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare, with a Life and Glossarial Notes. Edited by A. J. Valpy. Vol. I. London: Valpy.

This is the first volume of an edition to be illustrated with one hundred and seventy outline engravings from the plates in Boydell's Shakspeare. This single volume has ten or twelve from the pencils of Romney, Fuseli, Smirke, Hamilton, Angelica Kauffman, Stothard &c.; and is very beautifully printed: Mr. Valpy is generally chary in the use of new type; but on this occasion he has opened his heart. The notes are few but judicious; in the following, the Editor has ventured beyond his usual brevity of explanation.

"A late Reviewer has observed, in estimating the genius of Byron and Shakspeare, that the former could never claim equal talent in his delineations of high life; since Shakspeare never had the advantage of mixing in such society, while Byron was bred and educated in the midst of it. The same opinion has indeed been generally adopted, and some commentators have even considered that Shakspeare always lived in a state of comparative obscurity. Such however cannot be the fact; for with the acknowledged patronage of such men as Lords Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, it cannot well be doubted that he was introduced to the society and intercourse of great as well as good men."

Mr. Valpy is beyond all doubt right, although

he only sees one half the error. How was Byron bred and educated among the Aristocracy? Is Aberdeen aristocratic?—is two hundred a year aristocratic?—is the son of a captain in the army *per se* an aristocrat? The truth is, Byron's peevage was the accident of his fortune. He did not belong to the aristocracy—he was made to feel this in his very outset in life—and half his gall and bitterness is perhaps to be attributed to the reception he first met with from the aristocracy.

The Geographical Annual.

The Biblical Annual. London: Bull.

We have said our say of these very beautiful volumes; but it appears that we are called on to report again, in consequence of the additions which have been made. In the present edition of the Geographical, the discoveries of the Landers, the separation of Belgium and Holland, and other changes and discoveries, are marked; and an entirely new map is given, showing all places which under the new law return members to Parliament, &c. &c. These volumes ought not to be called *Annals*, for such a name seems to announce that they are only for a season, whereas they are "for all time," at least, so long as boys and girls gladden our firesides, and knowledge shall be thought desirable.

Sadoc and Miriam; a Jewish Tale. London: Parker.

This little work has been published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge: its design, is to state the Evidences of Christianity as they appeared to the cotemporaries of Jesus Christ. The author is manifestly a man of benevolent dispositions; besides stating in a new and forcible light, the evidences for the truths of the Gospel, he takes every means of teaching those doctrines of enlightened toleration, Christian forbearance, and charitable construction of motives, which are too often forgotten by zealous advocates. Like a true Christian, he teaches that to complete "Glory to God in the highest," we must add the rest of the angelic hymn—"good-will towards men."

The Conjugating Dictionary of all the French Verbs. By Lucien de Rudelle. London: Dulau & Co.

This will certainly be found a very useful work—here we have the conjugation of all the verbs, through mood and tense, and not by reference, as is frequently the case from one verb to the other of like conjugation—whoever, too, has felt the difficulty of the prepositions and participles, will agree with us, that the simplification in this little work must be serviceable. We recommend it to all who are about to study the French language.

A Small Edition of English Botany; containing the Plants of Great Britain, arranged according to the Linnean Method, and briefly described. London: Sowerby.

The original *English Botany*, is well known as one of the most complete illustrations of the European Flora, that has ever appeared; it is a work of reference, that no good library can dispense with. But, unfortunately, it is so costly a publication, as to be beyond the means of the greater part of naturalists. We, therefore, hail with satisfaction, this plan of the proprietors, to diminish its expense, by republishing the work without the doubtful or unimportant species, and with very brief descriptions.

Five Minutes Advice on the Care of the Teeth, and on the best means of Preserving, Recovering, and when lost, Restoring them.

A small pamphlet, but containing much useful advice.

Address delivered at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London. October 1.
By John Elliotson, M. D.

We are happy to learn, not only from this sensible address, but from private sources, that the medical school of this University is going on most prosperously. Dr. Elliotson speaks well of the *Senatus Academicus*, and urges strongly the establishment of an hospital, for which a subscription is opened, and to which the friends of the establishment ought forthwith to contribute.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

DER FADERLAND.

[The following is a translation of the celebrated Song which some few months since was sung with such enthusiasm at the great meeting in Germany, and was afterwards interdicted by authority.]

Where's the German's Fatherland?

Suabia, Prussia, which of these?

Is it where the purple vine

Blossoms on the beauteous Rhine?

Is it where the sea-gulls rest

Their bosoms on the Baltic's breast?

No! ah no! 'tis none of these—

Greater is his Fatherland!

Where's the German's Fatherland?

Bavaria, Styria, which of these?

Tell me, tell me, does it lie

Near Marsi, or Westphalie?

Is it in the gloomy mine

Where the gold and iron shine?

No! oh no! 'tis none of these—

Greater is the Fatherland!

Where's the German's Fatherland?

Pomerania, is it this?

Is it where the flying sand

Wind-blown ranges o'er the land?

Is it where the roaring river

Of the Danube flows for ever?

No! ah no! 'tis none of these—

Larger is his Fatherland!

Where's the German's native home?

Breathe to me the glorious land!

Is it where the freeborn Swiss

Roam contented—is it this?

Or where the Tyrolians dwell?

'Tho' clime and people please me well—

Yet no! yet no! 'tis none of these—

Larger is the Fatherland!

Where's the German's native home?

Name! oh, name the glorious clime!

Is it Austria, fair and bright,

Rich in honours, great in fight!

No! ah no! it is not here—

Greater is his Fatherland!

Where's the German's native home?

Breathe! oh, breathe the glorious clime!

Is it the devoted land

Snatched by Gaul's deceitful hand?

Robber of our country's right,

By the tyranny of might!

No! ah no! it is not this—

Greater is his Fatherland!

Where's the German's father-home?

Breathe at last that glorious spell!

Where'er a German's freeborn speech

Is uttered, or where it can reach!

Where'er by German's pious tongue,

The graced Hymn to God is sung!

'Tis that! 'tis that! hail, land divine!

That, brave Germans! that call thine!

That's the German's native land!

Vows are there sworn hand in hand:

Truth and freedom fire the eye;

Love is pure fidelity:

'Tis that! 'tis that! hail, land divine!

That, brave Germans! that call thine!

That's the German's native land!
Where warm sincerity is known;
Where ne'er is heard a foreign tone;
Where every cold, unfriendly heart
Is bidden, as a foe, depart;
Where every warm and noble mind
Is as a friend by God assigned!
'Tis here! 'tis here! land of the free!
It shall be all, all Germany!

The whole of Germany shall be
Our Fatherland! It shall be free!
O God of Heav'n! enthroned above,
Bless it with thy benignant love!
With German valour, German truth,
Fill every soul, and fire our youth,
That every harp and tongue shall tell,
They served it faithfully and well!
'Tis here! 'tis here! land of the free!
It shall be all, all Germany!

CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

ON "FRANKENSTEIN."

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE novel of 'Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus,' is undoubtedly, as a mere story, one of the most original and complete productions of the day. We debate with ourselves in wonder, as we read it, what could have been the series of thoughts—what could have been the peculiar experiences that awakened them—which conducted, in the author's mind, to the astonishing combinations of motives and incidents, and the startling catastrophe, which compose this tale. There are, perhaps, some points of subordinate importance, which prove that it is the author's first attempt. But in this judgment, which requires a very nice discrimination, we may be mistaken; for it is conducted throughout with a firm and steady hand. The interest gradually accumulates and advances towards the conclusion with the accelerated rapidity of a rock rolled down a mountain. We are led breathless with suspense and sympathy, and the heaping up of incident on incident, and the working of passion out of passion. We cry "hold, hold! enough!"—but there is yet something to come; and, like the victim whose history it relates, we think we can bear no more, and yet more is to be borne. Pelion is heaped on Ossa, and Ossa on Olympus. We climb Alp after Alp, until the horizon is seen blank, vacant, and limitless; and the head turns giddy, and the ground seems to fail under our feet.

This novel rests its claim on being a source of powerful and profound emotion. The elementary feelings of the human mind are exposed to view; and those who are accustomed to reason deeply on their origin and tendency will, perhaps, be the only persons who can sympathize, to the full extent, in the interest of the actions which are their result. But, founded on nature as they are, there is perhaps no reader, who can endure anything beside a new love story, who will not feel a responsive string touched in his inmost soul. The sentiments are so affectionate and so innocent—the characters of the subordinate agents in this strange drama are clothed in the light of such a mild and gentle mind—the pictures of domestic manners are of the most simple and attaching character: the father's is irresistible and deep. Nor are the crimes and malevolence of the

single Being, though indeed withering and tremendous, the offspring of any unaccountable propensity to evil, but flow irresistibly from certain causes fully adequate to their production. They are the children, as it were, of Necessity and Human Nature. In this the direct moral of the book consists; and it is perhaps the most important, and of the most universal application, of any moral that can be enforced by example. Treat a person ill, and he will become wicked. Requite affection with scorn;—let one being be selected, for whatever cause, as the refuse of his kind—divide him, a social being, from society, and you impose upon him the irresistible obligations—malevolence and selfishness. It is thus that, too often in society, those who are best qualified to be its benefactors and its ornaments, are branded by some accident with scorn, and changed, by neglect and solitude of heart, into a scourge and a curse.

The Being in 'Frankenstein' is, no doubt, a tremendous creature. It was impossible that he should not have received among men that treatment which led to the consequences of his being a social nature. He was an abortion and an anomaly; and though his mind was such as its first impressions framed it, affectionate and full of moral sensibility, yet the circumstances of his existence are so monstrous and uncommon, that, when the consequences of them became developed in action, his original goodness was gradually turned into inextinguishable misanthropy and revenge. The scene between the Being and the blind De Lacey in the cottage, is one of the most profound and extraordinary instances of pathos that we ever recollect. It is impossible to read this dialogue,—and indeed many others of a somewhat similar character,—without feeling the heart suspend its pulsations with wonder, and the "tears stream down the cheeks." The encounter and argument between Frankenstein and the Being on the sea of ice, almost approaches, in effect, to the expostulations of Caleb Williams with Falkland. It reminds us, indeed, somewhat of the style and character of that admirable writer, to whom the author has dedicated his work, and whose productions he seems to have studied.

There is only one instance, however, in which we detect the least approach to imitation; and that is the conduct of the incident of Frankenstein's landing in Ireland. The general character of the tale, indeed, resembles nothing that ever preceded it. After the death of Elizabeth, the story, like a stream which grows at once more rapid and profound as it proceeds, assumes an irresistible solemnity, and the magnificent energy and swiftness of a tempest.

The churchyard scene, in which Frankenstein visits the tombs of his family, his quitting Geneva, and his journey through Tartary to the shores of the Frozen Ocean, resemble at once the terrible reanimation of a corpse and the supernatural career of a spirit. The scene in the cabin of Walton's ship—the more than mortal enthusiasm and grandeur of the Being's speech over the dead body of his victim—is an exhibition of intellectual and imaginative power, which we think the reader will acknowledge has seldom been surpassed.

ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION.

A meeting took place yesterday at Bridge-water House, at which Lord Francis Leveson Gower was in the chair, and the Bishop of Clichester, Lord Mahon, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir John Malcolm, Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. Croker, The Rev. H. Milman, Dr. Ferguson, Messrs. Leslie and Phillips, the Royal Academicians, Mr. Scott of Harden, Mr. Sotheby, Mr. Allan Cunningham, and about fifty other gentlemen were present; when it was resolved that a subscription should be forthwith opened for the purpose of securing Abbotsford with all its literary and other treasures, to the family of Sir Walter Scott; and that all persons might have an opportunity of testifying their admiration and respect for their illustrious countryman, that no sum however small should be refused; that ruled papers be forthwith prepared, in which the names of the subscribers shall be registered; and that when the subscription is closed, these papers shall be bound into volumes, and deposited among the archives of the family in the library at Abbotsford. In this spirit the subscription began,—the committee putting down their names for various and very different sums. It must be, we feel assured, wholly unnecessary for us to say another word on this subject. Englishmen have never been slow to honour or reward those who have shed a lustre on their name; and in the nineteenth century they need not be told, that the most permanent and universal fame of a country is won for it by the genius and the virtues of such a man as Scott. When Captain Richardson was advancing on his perilous route to the North Pole, the last trace of civilization he met with was a mutilated volume of one of Scott's Novels, which some hunter had casually left in his summer hut.

THE ST. SIMONIANS AT A FETE, IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

[We are indebted for this pleasant notice to an unknown correspondent—or, if known, he is not recognized either by his initial or hand-writing.]

Paris, Nov. 2.

IMAGINE my stumbling upon a St. Simonian fête last Sunday, and in company, moreover, with a very devout friend. We had been paying a visit to Père Lachaise,—which, by the bye, is losing its beauty fast, at least to my eyes. The cypress-trees have grown up so tall and so thick, that the view, which used to be so charming, is everywhere shut out; whilst the flowers and ornamented tombs, which were wont to look so gay in the sun, are now completely thrown into a veritable sepulchral shade. The lofty mausolea of Foy, Massena, and their military brethren, still tower above the trees; but another year, if the axe or pruning-hook do not intervene, will consign them with the rest, to the shade of gloom, if not of oblivion.

Wandering around the environs of the cemetery, with the intention of dining, after the fashion of Parisian cockneys, *hors barrière*, we met the whole posse of St. Simonians, full forty in number, descending from their establishment at Menilmontant, in order, as it appeared, to dine and mingle with the popular crowd that fills the taverns and *guinguettes* of the outside boulevard every Sunday. We followed, to satisfy our curiosity; and they, seeing we were strangers, despatched a brother to invite us to fraternize. We acquiesced, and actually dined with these gentry,—paying our own *écot* however;—so that I can give you a full description of them.

Their dress, you are aware, is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of a short frock, or blouse of blue cloth (a blue-coat boy's frock, shortened and dandified). This, opened before, displays a white tunic. The neck is bare, the beard full grown, well combed, curled, and

essenced. On my word, sitting at table with two score of beards wagging, had an odd effect upon me; one time I was seized with an invincible inclination to laugh—at another, to believe myself in such banquetting scenes as old books and pictures tell of.

Enfantin, the chief, is hugely admired. He struck me as a model of that once admired but now exploded being, the Irish chairman. He is a lubberly, broad-shouldered fellow, and cuts a singular figure. Enfantin has a bronzed, dull, handsome countenance, "*aussi animal qu'un homme peut être*," observed a lady; and the sex may be allowed to pronounce judgment in these matters. From my observation, I can only assert, that he is superlatively *bête*, and incapable of any other fanaticism than vanity. Upon some question as to the vizards at table, he replied, "We each live the life of *proletaires* at present, never expending more than twenty-five sous a day. I like the idea of an essenced gentleman, in superfine cloth, and a cashmere shawl round his neck, saying that he led the life of a workman at a shilling a day. On the breast of Enfantin's white tunic was embroidered the words *Le Père*. I scarcely dare to write, though I certainly remarked that this audacious fool endeavoured to imitate, in dress, and aspect, and affected suavity of manner, the traditional portraits and descriptions of the Saviour.

Yet there are clever men amongst the St. Simonians who swear by this presumptuous fool. Barrault, for example, was a professor of considerable talent, who, though married, gave up his situation and prospects, to enroll himself amongst the community. The ten chief members have contributed about 4000*l.* a piece, which is the utmost of their means. The most singular convert amongst these is Fournel, an old élève of the Polytechnic school, and a man who was at the head of the iron mines of Crengot, the most considerable in France. He has sacrificed a full 1000*l.* a year, besides 4000*l.* to the society. On their trial, great stress was laid by them upon the conversion of this Fournel, a man of science, of habits positive rather than *imaginative*,—to use their terms,—a man from nature and profession cold, calculating, and reserved. The assumption upon which this argument was founded, is, perhaps, entirely false; I doubt much, if it requires heat either of temperament or imagination, to become a fanatic. Personal vanity seemed to me the all-absorbing idea of Fournel, as of Enfantin. The latter, by the bye, was *caissier*, or treasurer of the *Caisse Hypothécaire*, a man of waste-book and ledger.—The last place where we should have looked for a self-announced prophet, is certainly the stool of a counting-house.

Duveyrier is another eminent member of the society. He is the most eloquent, and the truest fanatic. For Barrault, though he speaks well, is but a rhetorician. He has very little common sense or judgment, however, since it was his glowing eulogium upon the virtue, or at least the harmlessness, of carnal pleasures, that elicited from the jury a condemnation of a year's imprisonment. It was Duveyrier who headed the unsuccessful mission to England.

The most talented professor now lecturing in Paris is decidedly Lerminier. He was altogether a convert to the St. Simonians at one time, and was only preserved from "taking the frock" by his friends, who, perforce, packed him off to Italy. A short tour there brought him to his senses. We had hoped, that these gentlemen would expound their doctrine, and so they did; for a dandy next me, explained very fully the different colours of their gay shawls, and gave the particular reasons why each was worn. The tricolor they chiefly affect; why, think you?—in that it represents *science, industry, and arts*. The three colours should predominate in their dress. On asking why

they did not, I was answered, that the trousers, hitherto white, are destined to be red, as soon as there are funds or credit for the purchase. Such are some of the *serious* dogmas of the St. Simonians.

After dinner, at least, thought we, there will be a preaching. No such thing. Our frocked and shawled companions descended to the dancing-garden, (a White Conduit House affair, bating the cleanliness) and there went through country dances with the easy damsels of the boulevard. In disgust and disappointment we departed.

VISIT TO OLYMPIA IN THE SUMMER OF 1832.

DURING Professor Thiersch's recent mission into Greece, on the part of the Bavarian government, this eminent scholar never lost sight of its classical attractions, and he has brought back with him a variety of notes, of one of which, the subsequent account of Olympia, whose very name recalls all the faded glories of Hellas, is a concise abstract.

After riding about three miles across the plain, the travellers followed the course of the Alpheus, which, at this spot, is one hundred and twenty-five paces in breadth, and varies from two to five feet in depth; and, after gaining the acclivity of the mountains which lie on its right bank, they reached a district, where two spacious and fertile valleys meet in front of a conical hill. Here once stood Olympia; and that hill is the identical hill of Kronos, on which Pindar has conferred immortality. As the evening was closing in, Thiersch and his companions lost no time in making for the miserable hamlet, Misa, which lies on an eminence to the left; here, however, they found the cabins so full of vermin, that they were compelled to take up their quarters for the night on the site of an ancient temple. Thiersch reports, that, of all the splendid range of edifices which once adorned Olympia, there is not one that can be recognized with any degree of certainty, excepting the temple of Jupiter; this the French very carefully laid open through its whole extent, and were thus enabled to ascertain, that the remains agree in every particular with the description given by Pausanias. The black pavement in the interior, close to the colossal statue of the god, and the channel, through which the oil was conducted, as it flowed from the statue, are still visible. The ruins, which are found above ground, belong to the times of the Romans. The principal buildings and appurtenances of what was called the *dog*—namely, the Heraum, Metroon, treasuries, and Stadium, lay around the Kronion hill, which is connected by a low, natural causeway, with the heights north of it: through this causeway was dug the hidden communication between the treasuries and the Stadium. Thiersch discovered obvious traces of those treasuries, on a double terrace at the northern and western feet of the Kronion, and recognized the site of the Stadium in the valley which lies between the Kronion and an eminence to the east of it. It will be recollected, that Pausanias speaks of a many-voiced echo, as existing on the spot where the greater portion of the halls and buildings of Olympia were thronged close together: this echo has naturally disappeared with the structures from which it arose; but the name of Antilalos, (the reverberating,) clings to the spot to this day.

ENIGMA.—FROM THE ANTHOLOGIST.

With one air two ships are driving;
Ten rowers at their ports are striving;
And, no coming danger fearing,
A single pilot both is steering.

ANSWER.

'Tis a player trying whether
He can blow two flutes together.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We are glad to see by the Scotch papers that the creditors of Sir Walter Scott have, contrary to the predictions of one of our London journals, met his executors in a spirit of moderation and equity, and accepted as payment the identical sum for which, in the year 1826, he became bound. In England also, something equally pleasant deserves to be made known. Sir Herbert Taylor has, by command of His Majesty, written a very kind letter to the present Sir Walter Scott, informing him, that a pension of two hundred a year has been granted to Miss Scott from the Civil List; and as this, we believe, required the concurrence of his ministers, we may consider it as secured to her for life.

Mr. John Galt is, as all the world knows, a man of genius: his works sell well, and people read and praise them: it would appear, however, that they fail to go so quickly off as his publisher desires, and something was required to be done to quicken the motion of what was already moving. Now, Mr. Galt was some time since taken ill, but, bating an occasional rack and wrench of rheumatism, had recovered. This, however, if not unwelcome, was inopportune. 'Lawrie Todd' demanded a fresh impulse in the market, and this was accomplished by a paragraph which ran through all the papers, saying the author of 'Lawrie Todd' was ill—dangerously ill. The public put on a look of sorrow, and his personal friends began to think of crape, when another paragraph saved all further effusion of tears, by informing them, that the gifted author was hale and well, and had penned an introduction, humorous, sly, and so forth, for the new edition of that most admirable work. We need not point out the source of this puffery, which must be unpleasant enough to a man of genius.

On Monday last, Stanfield and Geddes were elected Associates of the Royal Academy: the first is well known by many beautiful scenes of reality and imagination; and the public will rejoice with his friends at the honour so deservedly conferred on him;—the latter has long been a favourite in Scotland, though little known here. There is one Elias Martin, who has stood some sixty years and odd at the top of the list of Associates: we would advise the Academy to strike out the dead man at the next election, and put a living Martin in his place: they owe it to genius and to themselves to do this.

Prout, we see, proposes to publish, by subscription, a volume of folio engravings, of the chief architectural and picturesque subjects in Flanders. They are,—for we have seen some of them,—on grey paper, and touched with white, so as to look like facsimiles of the original drawings: all who know the fidelity and force of Prout's pencil will encourage him in an undertaking which promises to be beneficial to architects, as well as acceptable to people of taste.

A weekly Conversation is, we hear, about to be established by men of science, in which, besides the oral discussion of interesting subjects, papers are to be read relating to theoretical or practical science or manufactures. The meetings are to be held weekly during the season; and the Directors of the National Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide Street, have offered their rooms for the purpose.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The Society held its first meeting on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

A paper by Dr. Uwins was read, 'On the Connexion between Poetic Taste and Moral Sentiment.' The principle, that profound moral feeling is essential to poetic power, was ingeniously maintained, and ably illustrated by the writer; and the inference deduced, that the cultivation and sublimation of the taste ought to form a leading object in education.

Various donations of books were announced, in particular from Nath. Ogle, Esq., and Professor Boeckh.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the season was held on Tuesday: A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—After some routine business, the chairman communicated to the meeting the valuable and liberal present the Society had received from the Hon. East India Company, consisting of all the immense botanical collections formed by the various distinguished men who had been engaged for years past, exploring the treasures of India in this branch of Natural History, under the influence and patronage of the Company. This collection alone contains about 8,000 species, including from seven to ten examples of each species, from different localities. A liberal subscription was made to defray the expense incurred for appropriate cabinets, in which the collection is already deposited, and a committee appointed to give effect to this magnificent present, and make it available for the general advancement of botanical science. This great addition to the previous possessions of the Society renders the whole collection equal, if not superior, to that of any other Society in Europe. Several members present supported a second subscription, towards erecting a monument in the Jardin des Plantes, to the memory of Baron Cuvier.—The donations in books, accumulated during the recess, were numerous and valuable, and the reading of a botanical paper, concluded the business of the evening.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 7.—This being the first evening of the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows: Woodbine Parish, jun., Esq., F.R.S.; Henry Trollope, Esq., of Harrow; Whitlock Nichol, M.D., F.R.S.; and Herbert Mayo, Esq., Professor of Anatomy in King's College, London.

A communication was first read from Mr. Henwood, F.G.S., On the intersection of veins in Cornwall, and on the changes which have been observed in the position and directions of veins, when traversed by cross courses.

A paper by the Rev. James Yates, F.G.S., was then read, On a submarine forest on the coast of Cardiganshire and Merionethshire, and extending for a considerable distance north and south of the River Dovey. In the course of the memoir, it was shown, that the Scotch fir constituted formerly extensive forests in many parts of the kingdom; and that the period of its ceasing to be a member of the English Flora, was about the middle of the seventeenth century. A third memoir, On the Geology of the North-west of Mayo and Sligo, by the Venerable Archdeacon Verschoyle, was commenced.

The tables were covered with numerous donations to the Museums and Library.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6.—A letter was read which had been received from Peter Kendall, Esq., F.H.S. re-

specting the employment of cats in the preservation of fruit trees, from the attacks of birds. It stated that the practice had been found very successful for several years, especially as regarded wall trees, and gooseberry and currant bushes; the cats being tethered by a light chain to a stake, or suffered to range by means of a ring on an iron rod.

The principal articles exhibited were a green St. Vincent pine-apple, the produce of a sucker planted in the autumn of 1830, from Sir Rowland Hill's garden—Black Hamburgh and white Muscadine grapes, from John Allnut, Esq., both from a vine, and from the open wall—Cactus truncatus and a most beautiful collection of passion flowers, from Mrs. Marryat—specimens of the different varieties of grapes which furnish the Rhenish wines, and a large number of the best and handsomest sorts of apples and pears, from the Society's garden.

The 4th of December was announced as the next day of meeting.

Seven gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the eighth session of this Society, was held in Panton Square, on Monday last.—Dr. Elliotson, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Previous to the paper being read, the President briefly addressed the meeting, on the present state of the Society, and on the science of Phrenology generally. He announced, as a proof of its continued progress, that three courses of lectures on Phrenology were, at the present time, being delivered in the metropolis—namely, at the London Institution, the London Hospital, and at Mr. Grainger's Anatomical Theatre, in the Borough, in addition to a Phrenological class at the Mechanics' Institution. He also stated, that he had himself, for some time past, lectured phrenologically on Insanity, at St. Thomas's Hospital, taking the works of Gall and Spurzheim for his text books. Dr. Elliotson then called the attention of the Society to a paper, by the Marquis de Moscati, which he subsequently read, being 'The History and Conversion of an Anti-phrenologist.' Dr. Elliotson mentioned incidentally, that the Marquis was acquainted with thirty-six different languages, twenty of which he was able to converse in freely.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening last Mr. Malyer read a paper, 'On the Influence Early Labour has in Checking the due Development of the Human Constitution.' The author, who has had considerable experience in the cotton manufacturing districts, introduced the question in connexion with the system there adopted. He drew a most appalling picture of the condition of the poor children employed in those mills;—described the degree of labour they were subject to, and the polluted atmosphere they breathed, as likely to check the natural growth of the body, engender disease, and destroy the energies of the constitution. The author further strengthened his position, by referring to published tables, showing the average number of early deaths to be nearly two-thirds greater in those districts than in the agricultural counties, and stated such mortality to be principally the result of tubercular or scrofulous diseases. After an animated discussion, the consideration of the subject was adjourned till the next meeting, the author hoping the opinions of the members of this Society might influence the conduct of the manufacturers, and bear to a certain extent on the provisions of a bill introduced into parliament by Mr. Sadler, in connexion with this question, called 'The Ten Hours Factory Bill.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Medico-Botanical Society .. Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society .. ½ p. 8, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts ½ p. 7, P.M.
THURS.	Royal Society ½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
SATUR.	Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The first meeting of this agreeable Society, took place on Wednesday, at the Freemason's Tavern—and we were pleased to find, that, unlike first meetings generally, it was numerously attended, and well supplied with interesting objects of art. The father of the lamented Bonington contributed some charming drawings by his son, lately brought from Paris to this country. Nor less did we admire some of the able works of the clever Liversidge—another of our artists, who, like Harlow and Bonington, died just as his talents were ripening, and the world began to appreciate their merit. One of his pictures—a man holding a hawk in the presence of a lovely female—for beauty of composition and delicacy of colouring, was inferior only to the most perfect productions of Terburg—there were some six others from his hand, sent up, we understood, from Manchester, (where his works are mostly to be found,) to be engraved in the work now in progress, from the best efforts of his pencil.

The original drawing by Chalons of the head of Flora M' Ivor, the engraving of which is to be seen in every print-shop, charmed us much; as did also some fairy sketches by Mr. Parris, done in illustration of the new work from the pen of Mr. Lytton Bulwer; or rather, we believe, the new volume of the 'Continental Annual,' edited by Mr. Bulwer. There were many fine specimens of our modern water-colour painters—those from the pencils of Hart, Catermole, Ripplingale, and Stanfield, chiefly interested us. Nor must we omit to notice a very admirable bust (taken just before his death) of Sir James Macintosh, from the hands of Mr. Belnes Burdowe. The plates for the new number of Mr. Robinson's Vitruvius Britannicus of Hatfield House, must be also mentioned, produced by the elaborate needle of Mr. Shaw: it will, indeed, be a very interesting portion of this superb work. This meeting gave a pleasant assurance that the interests of the Society have not been forgotten by the members, since the last meeting.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott. Effingham Wilson. This is the last likeness taken of the great author of Waverley; it is dated Naples, 16th of April, 1832. There is no doubt that Scott was unaware of its being made, and that it was stolen at a venture, by some needy artist, from the illustrious invalid. It bears all the marks of haste, and, moreover, of ignorance of the countenance and peculiar expression of Scott: there is a want of penetration in the eye, and a deficiency of character about the mouth, and the nose is lumpy and large.

Carlisle, from Cummersdale. Moon & Boys. This is a pretty lithograph view of a very beautiful city.

MUSIC

Fly to me. Set to Music as a Ballad, and also in the style of an Italian Aria. By W. Eavestaff. The melody of both is not amiss, but the measure of the common time appears best to suit the words. Allusion to the style of an Italian aria is ridiculous—ballad, or song, sufficiently denote both. In the latter, at the cadence on the

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chord of F, which is the dominant to the key (a flat), we are reminded of an error we have noticed for years in the singing of Braham, which is most offensive to a cultivated ear—viz. after suspending the octave to the dominant bass, he invariably descends to the key-note by the third of the tonic harmony, whilst the former harmony remains not resolved! It is the less excusable when written, as in this instance, at the close of the first verse.

The Smiling Spring. A Ballad. By S. S. Wesley. We have been much pleased with this composition. It is superior to most works of the same class.

Fair One, take this Rose. A Ballad. By John Frederick Pole.

THIS has less variety of harmony than the foregoing, but is graceful and pleasing, and not difficult.

I think of thee. A Song. Poetry by T. Campbell, Esq. Composed by Francis Robinson.

Commonplace. There is not one original idea in it.

THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

A piece, described as a "new original drama," in three acts, and under the title of 'The Dark Diamond,' was produced here on Monday last. It is by no means a diamond of the first water. It is, in truth, a sad affair. The authorship was attributed to a gentleman who has denied it. We congratulate him on having had it in his power to do so. We have no idea upon what principle the word "original" was applied to this production. "Translation" is the "common cry" of newspapers, and managers of theatres, taking their cue from that, are rather too apt to designate everything as "original," which is not avowedly or evidently some French piece rendered into English. It has fallen to our lot to see many acknowledged translations with far more of originality about them than this "original"—but it has seldom if ever happened, that we have met with a soi-disant original, which had less pretension to the designation it had assumed. In the first place, we have a general objection to brigands, and their exploits, as foundations for dramas. Mr. Planché, in his clever and interesting piece, which was most properly called 'The Brigand,' *par excellence*, has wound up the question—and had we hoped, set it at rest; but it appears that as dramatic authors can never let well alone, it was considered that he had wound up the subject, like a watch, that it might go on; and we have, accordingly, since had an inundation of banditti pieces of every nation which produces the article. The present "original" is made up of inelegant extracts from the melo-dramas of the Surrey and Coburg theatres, without the "terrific combats" which, at those places, force one to take a momentary interest in them. The language, without being bad, is essentially undramatic—and in the lighter portions of the dialogue we have Shakspeare—all but the point. There is not life enough about the 'Dark Diamond' to make it worth while to detail the plot, which the author has re-tailed. The loves—the hatreds—the jealousies—and the revenges of two chiefs of banditti are tacked on, somewhat unskillfully, to a mutilated portion of French history, and *Francis the First* is introduced in order to be exhibited as he was *not*. He is made to bear insults and humiliations, which he never would have borne, and never did bear, simply because Mr. Butler's part of *Stefano Diamante* must be a better one than Mr. Bennett's one of *Francis the First*; and the manner in which *Francis* is treated after his capture at the battle of Pavia, is much more like what it would have been if he had been

beaten at a battle of paviours, than like the truth. The part of *Stefano* is so ill drawn, and so inconsistent, that no actor could venture to throw himself earnestly into any one of the feelings assigned it, because he could hardly do so before it would be time to change to an opposite one. Mr. Forester had a very slight part—that of a butterfly Marquis about the court; he did his best with it, but he should not go to battle in a helmet, cuirass, and silk stockings, with pumps. Mr. Warde, as *Zingano*, an outlaw, did all he could with a sulky ruffian, and seemed greatly relieved when he was stabbed. Mr. Keeley's part had Mr. Keeley and nothing else in it. Miss Ellen Tree exerted herself greatly and loyally—but for her, the piece would have gone—to pieces. Miss Shirreff walked about the stage, and stopped when it was her time to sing. She was in good voice, notwithstanding a little indication of cold, and sang with her usual taste and correctness. Miss H. Cawse was, of course, clever and pleasing. We cannot praise the music—it was not appropriate, and it was noisy—awfully noisy. We should have been glad to have been excused all this grumbling, but we hold a brief, and justice must be done to our client. We praise with much more heart and much more pleasure than we blame.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

WE have not time to say more than that a piece has been produced here called 'Henriette the Forsaken,' and that it has made a decided and well deserved hit. We shall probably return to the subject next week: in the mean time he it observed that it is equally good in its serious and its comic parts—that all concerned act well in it—and that Mrs. Yates is admirable. We will not say that her acting is beyond praise, but it would be very difficult for praise to go beyond her acting.

THE Drury Lane Bills, our pet studies for the English language, get better and better. Amidst the shower of puns, which that of Thursday contains, there is one which has struck us as particularly curious, and decidedly new. Here it is—

"Shakspeare's Tragedy of Othello Is in preparation, in which Mr. Kean, and Mr. Macready will appear together, for the first time, and alternately (!) play the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*."

If there is time to alter this arrangement so as to allow each of these gentlemen to play one entire character per night, we suggest that it would be better to do so. There will certainly be considerable confusion if they attempt it on the plan at present proposed.

MISCELLANEA

Russian Annual.—The first publication of an Annual, has just taken place at St. Petersburg. It is in German, and is ornamented with several attractive plates, amongst which are a representation of the gigantic Alexandrine Column, lately erected in the Russian metropolis, a view of Kuero, in Finland, a Finland Woman in her national costume, and views of Adrianople and the Mosque of Sultan Selim in that city.

Bavaro-Grecian Medal.—On the occasion of Prince Otto's accession to the infant throne of Greece, the Munich Mint has issued a dollar of the Empire, which bears on its face the protecting deity of Greece, presenting the Hellenic Crown to the young monarch. The subject is encompassed with the legend, "Otho, Prince of Bavaria, first King of Greece." On the reverse, is a bust of his royal parent, the Sovereign of Bavaria, with the words, "Lewis I., King of Bavaria," encircling it.

Monument to Gutenberg.—The Committee at Mayence, for erecting this monument, of which

we have rendered some account in former numbers, made a second report of contributions on the 23rd of last month. It appears that, up to that date, a sum of 6360 guilders (about 640l.) had been raised, of which 350l. had been collected in Mayence itself, and 7l. had been received from Moscow; but we do not find that any subscriptions had been received either from France or England, the two countries which stand fully as much indebted for their intellectual pre-eminence to the invention of the noble art of printing, as Germany itself. The celebrated Thorwaldsen has advised the erection of a statue of bronze, and undertaken the execution of it.

Great Canal of Goetha.—This magnificent water-line, which passes through the heart of Sweden, and unites the North Sea and the Baltic, was opened with great solemnities on the 26th of September last. It will admit vessels drawing nine feet and a half water, and two and twenty feet in width; and they may make the passage into the Baltic in eight days, with the aid of steam-boats across the lakes which occur on its line. It has been two-and-twenty years in construction, and costs rather more than 10,130,000 dollars (1,285,000l.) of which 6,378,334 dollars, were contributed by the state.

Dreadful Calamity.—We direct attention to an advertisement thus headed in this day's paper: the account is truly awful, and in the belief that every channel of publicity ought to be open to the sufferers, we have thought it right, without waiting for any communication from the committee, to insert the advertisement at once, and free of all charge.

Death of Sir John Leslie.—We regret to announce the death of Professor Sir John Leslie, who expired on Saturday afternoon, after a very short illness, at his seat of Coates, in Fife. We have not heard what was the particular cause of his death: he had been for some time afflicted with a complaint in the leg, but the disease that carried him off so suddenly we have understood to have been an affection of the heart. Dr. Thomson was sent for by express from Edinburgh, but before he reached Coates Sir John was no more.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

Mrs. Trollope.—We copy the following from the *Philadelphia Gazette*:—"Messrs. Childs & Inman have well nigh immortalized Mrs. Trollope, by a lithographic plate, which includes the entire family of that distinguished lady,—not even excepting the Italian artist—the modern Claude—who belonged to her suite. The group in the picture consists of Mrs. Trollope, and two forlorn, but fat looking daughters; just such spinsters as a father would contemplate without a hope that they ever could attract anybody into the perpetration of matrimony. The old man and the green son of Mrs. Trollope are also present; the latter engaged in those halcyon sports, in which vacant journals of his cast so much delight. Altogether, the plate is a most amusing one." Further from a Boston paper, we learn that "the Kentuckians, duly impressed by Mrs. Trollope's censure, have changed the phrase which she stigmatizes as vulgar, 'going the whole hog,' into the more classical expression, 'going the entire swine.'"—When we gave the extracts from this lady's novel, we deferred all comment until the work was published. It now appears so certain that it will be read, whatever may be our critical opinion, that it would be supererogatory to offer it.

A Living.—A gentleman one morning asked a little barefoot boy, what his mother did for a living—"She eats cold victuals," was the reply.

Poetic Sublimity.—The Great Falls Journal (U.S.) contains a poetical advertisement from a shopkeeper, which thus concludes:—

Sulphur and salts to cure the scratches,
And for the girls, I've got good matches.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Month.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 1	61 47	29.55	S.W.	Rain, A.M.
Fr. 2	60 50	29.65	S. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 3	55 46	29.50	N.W. by E.	Ditto.
Sun. 4	50 32	29.55	N.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 5	46 38	29.58	N. to N.E.	Ditto.
Tues. 6	51 38	30.05	N.	Ditto.
Wed. 7	48 37	30.23	N. to N.E.	Ditto.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

A Canadian Tale, to be entitled, 'Bellegarde.'
A Vision of Mankind, by A. L. P.

Just published.—Becket, and other Poems, 7s.—
Rose's Researches, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Cicero's Book of
Version, 3s. 6d.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Vol. 9,
11. 18s.—Naval Evolutions, by General Douglas, 10s.—
The Conjugating Dictionary of all French Verbs, 8vo.
4s.—A Manual for Visiting the Sick, 12mo. 6s.—Sacred
Offering, for 1853, 4s. 6d.—Syme's Principles of Surgery,
8vo. 2 Parts. 12. 1s.—Life of Sir David Baird,
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8vo. 2 vols. 1s. 6d.—The Amulet, or Christian's
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2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.—Puelian's Memoirs, by the
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TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Working of the System.—If the worst consequence of "the system" was the mislending some dozen or two of *idlers* into the purchase of a few dull books, we would not write another word upon it; but it brings down ruin upon the country booksellers. The letters we receive, offering facts in proof of this, would make our readers' hearts ache; but as the writers are generally dependent, in some way or other, on the great London houses, and dare not have their names known, we cannot avail ourselves of their communications. It happens, however, that we have one now in our possession, which, in its straightforward simplicity, justifies all we have ever said, and will excuse us for any little tediousness with which we may occasionally dwell upon the subject. The writer is wholly unknown to us. How his letter came into our possession need not be explained; he regrets that he has not access to the London press, and cannot therefore object to the publication:—

"No. 9, Corn Market, Belfast."

"SIR,—I now send your first instalment, and trust to be able to meet the others at the dates agreed on. My failure is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the extremely high prices of Colburn's new novels for my library, having, in a comparatively short period, paid nearly £100, at the rate of 25s. 6d. a copy, for works that, in general, are not worth more than 7s. 6d. It is one of the most complete monopolies I at present know in any trade; and the system of letting the corps of novel-writers, who are now become the mere freebooters of the press, review and puff each other alternately, is one of the humbugs of the present day, which ought to be exposed; and which, had I access to the London press, I should have attempted to do now."

It is a consolation, however, (though it brings ruin on many like myself, in the first place,) that, like other evils, it will in the end work its own cure; and I should think it is already beginning to convince those at head-quarters, of the impolicy of continuing such a system, as there is now a good supply in the market of those lately—"important"—"highly interesting," &c., now works, at 7s. 6d., their intrinsic value, and nearly the rate at which they should originally have been offered."

"I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

"CORNELIUS HASSON."

As the writer of this letter is most certainly known to the Publishing Proprietors of the *Gazette*, they can at once satisfy themselves that it is genuine. Poor Mr. Hasson talks of there being a good supply in the market of the lately "important"—"highly interesting" new works; but after the first sale consequent on the puff preliminary, the price at which they are offered to the trade in London usually varies from eightpence to one shilling the volume. We shall some day publish a list of the number of copies, and the prices at which some of the most "interesting" and "invaluable" works have been sold.

Thanks to Omega; but the moral tone of his verses is at least questionable, and we decline.

S. and M. before our Albert.

Thanks to Maria Y.—Albert.

R. should send his name.

We regret that illness compels us to defer the further observations on the dramatic report, until next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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By Mr. HODGSON, at his Great Room, 192, Fleet-street, on
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the Tower, by Adrian Ostade; and other productions of the Foreign
School; the Life of Milton, by Wright, of Derby; two Land-
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The whole may be viewed on Monday the 19th, and Tuesday
the 20th; and Catalogues may be had at the place of Sale;
of Messrs. Stanleys, and Messrs. Patterson, London, and of
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hope to attract public curiosity, since it is either satisfied by pre-
ceding narratives, or drawn away towards more recent and im-
portant transactions. These reasons may be summed up in a few
words. That genuine interest, which induced a number of
persons lately to publish what they had seen or heard in Greece,
exists no longer; but there is, and ever will be, a grave class of
readers in our country, more than usually, and disinterestedly be-
coming acquainted with the exact details of a revolution, that must take
its place in the history of the world. As yet there is nothing
published to satisfy their taste; for of the forty authors whom
the struggle in Greece has called forth, three or four alone have
any claims to accuracy, and their labours were confined to short
and isolated periods, and did not embrace the whole of the war; neither
are they exempt from the influence of strong prejudices. Con-
sidering that a day would come when a work more collected,
and written on a larger basis, and by a more disinterested literary
man, the editor of the following pages has presumed to take upon
himself the task of compiling it; because, having served in the
Greek army, and lived several years in close intimacy with the
people of Hellas, he is entitled to the friendship of many a
individual who bore a distinguished part in their country's affairs,
as well as to the kindness of his Philhellene comrades, for an-
ticipating materials, which are not likely to be easier to survive the
present generation, or to fall in the way of others."

"At the same time, he has thought it his duty carefully to
purge all former publications of the taint of Greece, neither
affecting to differ from his predecessors, where they are correct,
nor admitting anything upon their authority, unless when assured
of the exactitude by his own observations, or by collating oral and
Ms. evidence with worthy records. His study, in short, has been, by
clearing away exaggerations, rectifying errors and inaccuracies,
and supplying omissions, to represent the Greek Revolution as it
really was.—"Author's Preface."

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 terature—Reviews of the *Journal de la littérature* and the *Revue*—
 Extract from July to October—Index to Vol. X.

THE COMMERCIAL SHEET ALMANAC, for 1864 : containing, besides the Calendar, (which includes the Solar Cycle, the Golden Number, the Dominical Letters, &c.) Great Britain, their distances from London, the time of departure, and the Lines from which Coaches and Waggoners to those Towns start ; with a List of Wharves from whence Goods are exported to Foreign Ports ; a Table of the Importations and Exportation of Tobacco ; a Table of the Proportion (per Told, Sack) which the Public Funds bear to each other, &c. Holidays kept by the several Churches, and the manner in which they are transferred at the Bank of England, &c. Terms of Return, Freight, and Insurance at five and four per cent.; a List of Stamps; General and Two-penny Post-Office Regulations; Expenses; a List of London Charges of Postage, and of the various Companies who receive Letters from India in London, as regulated by Law.

1, The Radical Poets—2, Life and Times of a Prophet, by Humeel—3, The Bride of Marseilles—4, Mr. Hume and the Small Wings—5, Belar Tonic—6, The Punishment of Death, Mr. H. to the Editor—7, The Man of Sin—8, Song—9, The Irish Counselor—10, Marriage, are made in Heaven—11, Dr. Chalmers—12, The Town—13, The Funeral of Sir Walter Scott, by an Eye-witness—14, Dirge to his Memory—15, The Slave-holders, the Missionary, and Mr. Jeremie—16, Scottish Voters, a Sketch from Real Life—17, The Good God Tunc Time—18, The Fate-hound and the Death, by the PHREASY Family—19, The Poet, by the same.

Printed by William Tate, Edinburgh: Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cunningham, Duffin.

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This work fully keeps up to its promise, and is decidedly improving. We earnestly recommend the article 'Ireland and Scotland' to every one who takes an interest in the welfare of Ireland, or, indeed, of the empire.—*Brighton Herald*.

Our favourite periodical, *Tait's Magazine*, stands too high in our estimation to be assailed with the commonplace of complaint. We read each number, however, with education and interest, and we are not prepared to say that it is unworthily estimated the value of the work. Let our readers peruse the admirable paper on Ireland in the 12th, and Scotland in the 13th numbers, and say, is it not wiser that we are sometimes so warm in our enmity of *Tait's Magazine!*—*Very Esteem.*

This spirited Magazine has reached its sixteenth number, and we are glad to find that it is not only as interesting as ever, but that its circulation may well swell. The attacks in the present number are of superior excellence. The article on the Ministry is an honest and fearless exposure of their political delinquencies; and the articles on Foxes, Rossian, and Ventman, are evidently the

productions of a sister hands.—*Exeter Mercury*. This periodical appears to be rising rapidly in public favour; and we see its opinions quoted and referred to as an authority by some of the most influential of the daily press. The article on 'The Ministry and the People' completely illustrates our own opinion of public taste. It is severe; but we wish we could add that it is not *literally* true.—*Exeter Independent*. We extract from that admirable periodical, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.—*Berford Times*.

Favourable notices have also appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, *Sun*, *True Sun*, and others of the metropolitan press; also in many of the provincial papers besides the above.

Fair's Magazine for this month displays its accustomed variety of power and talent, and maintains its high station among the organs of liberal principles. Its light articles, in this number, are more than usually interesting. — *Aberdeen Herald*.

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Those Gentlemen who may have additional communications to make to the Editor, are requested to send their letters immediately, free of postage, addressed to Mr. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough street.

DREADEFUL CALAMITY.—The Shetland

Islands have been visited with an awful dispensation of Providence. The fishermen, while engaged in their usual occupation at a great distance from land, were suddenly overtaken by a storm, and were driven to the lee of the islands of this region. Some were fortunate enough to reach the shore, others were wrecked up at sea by passing vessels; many were drowned in a watery grave. Scores of boats sink under the fury of the storm, and the crews are scattered in all directions, who had left their homes full of hope and joy, but are returned to tell the tale of their disaster. To describe the distress occasioned by the storm would be to tell the tale of human misery. When the simple fact is stated, that three ill-fated navigators have nearly EIGHTY WIDOWS and SEVERAL HUNDRED ORPHANS, the picture of human misery, poverty, and suffering is complete. Carried by the winds of a northern winter, the picture of wretchedness will readily present themselves to the most unfeeling heart. To afford anything like adequate assistance to the widows and orphans of this region, the sympathy of the community to which they belong. An appeal is therefore made in their behalf to the generosity of their fellow-subjects. The Providence has blessed with the comforts of life, in the hope that out of their abundance they will spare a mite towards for relief of the distressed. It is the duty of the Christian to give to him which he may derive from the charity of the benevolent.

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